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OCCASIONAL ADDRESSES

DANIEL HALL

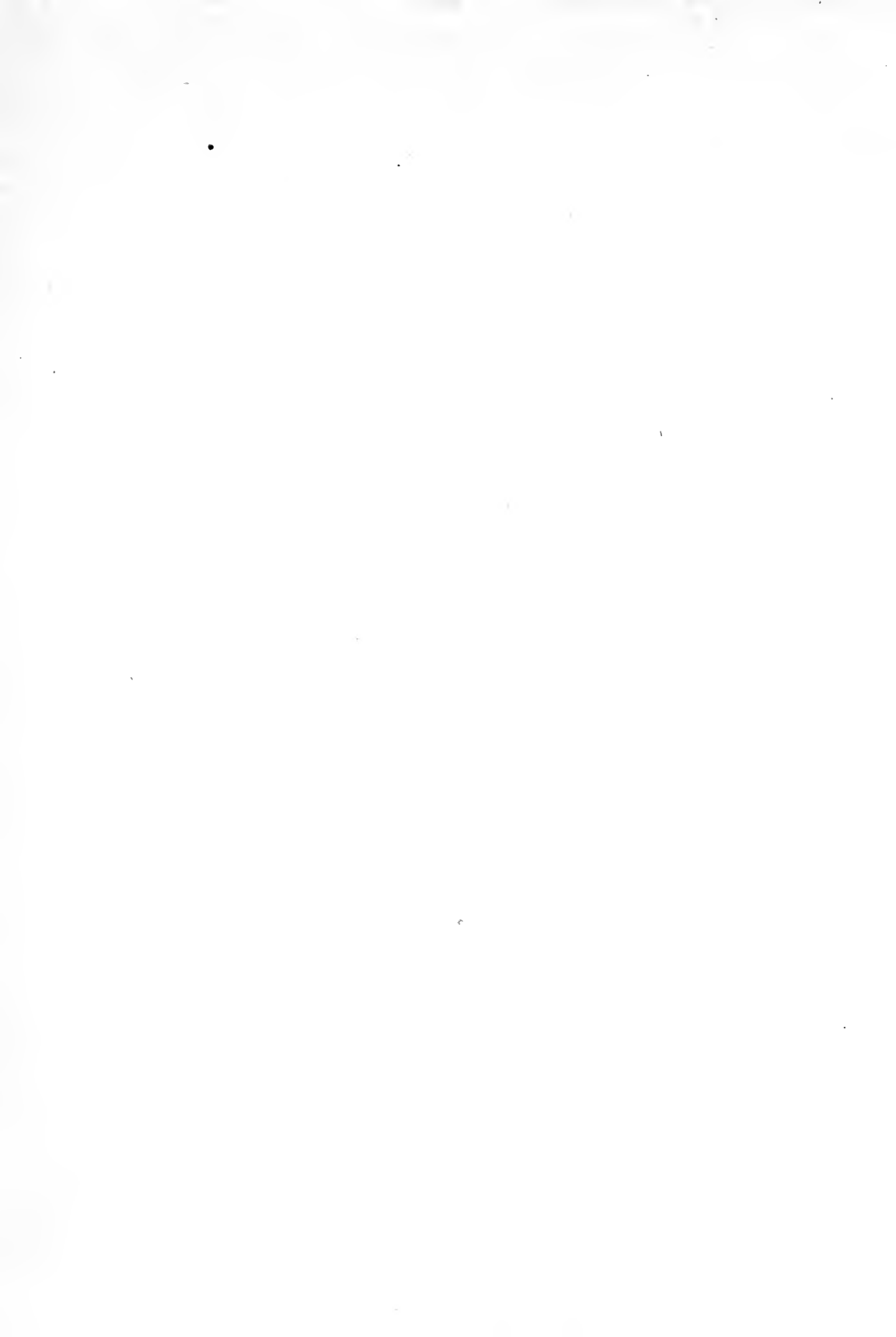


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Samuel Kell

ADDRESSES

COMMEMORATIVE OF

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

AND

JOHN P. HALE

DELIVERED BY

DANIEL HALL

OF DOVER, N. H.

WITH A BIOGRAPHY AND OTHER SPEECHES AND WRITINGS OF
THE ORATOR.



CONCORD, N. H.

OCTOBER, 1892.

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P R E F A C E .

Col. Daniel Hall's complete and masterly oration on the Capitol grounds in Concord, New Hampshire, on August 3, 1892, at the unveiling of the statue of that pioneer of freedom, Senator John P. Hale, then presented to the state by Senator William E. Chandler of Concord, is printed in the state's memorial volume. It is also reproduced in this form, preceded by Col. Hall's vivid eulogy on Abraham Lincoln delivered before the Lincoln Club of New Hampshire at Concord on February 16, 1887, and accompanied by a biography of Col. Hall, which is substantially that of his friend, Rev. Dr. Alonzo H. Quint, first published in Col. John B. Clarke's "Sketches of Successful New Hampshire Men," and also by other speeches and writings of the orator.

The present compilation is issued as a tribute to Col. Hall from Senator Chandler, to whom his modest friend's full learning, powerful memory, intense industry, unsurpassable oratorical gifts, and other varied mental attainments have always been a wonder and admiration.

Concord, N. H., October, 1892.

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BIOGRAPHY

OF

COLONEL DANIEL HALL.

Daniel Hall was born in the town of Barrington, N. H., February 28, 1832, and is the descendant of generations of farmers. His first known American ancestor was John Hall, who came to Dover, N. H., in 1649, with his brother Ralph, from Charlestown, Mass. Of this blood was the mother of Gov. John Langdon, Tobias Lear (Washington's private secretary), and others of like energy. This emigrant, John Hall, was the first recorded deacon of the Dover First Church, was town clerk, commissioner to try causes, and a farmer, but mainly surveyor of lands. A spring of deliciously cool water, still known as "Hall's Spring," marks the locality of his residence 240 years ago on Dover Neck. His son Ralph was of Dover, a farmer; whose son Ralph, also a farmer, was one of the early settlers of Barrington; whose son Solomon, also a farmer, was of the same town; whose son Daniel, also a farmer, was father of Gilman Hall, who was father of nine children, the subject of this sketch being his first-born. Gilman Hall was early a trader in Dover, but for twenty-five years subsequently was farmer and trader in Barrington, his native town, on the stage road, known as the "Waldron's Hill" road. He was a bright, active, and highly capable man, selectman, and representative for many years.

Daniel Hall's mother was Eliza Tuttle, a descendant of John Tuttle of Dover, who was judge of the superior court for many years prior to the year 1700.

The picturesque old house in which Daniel Hall was born, built by one Hunking, was till a year or two since

still standing near Winkley's pond, on the Nashua & Rochester Railroad, the oldest house in town, and a quaint and venerable landmark, but unoccupied and in a ruinous condition.

With the exception of what he thinks "the best father and mother that ever lived," Daniel Hall had few early advantages. His life as a boy was on the farm. He went to the district school a long distance, through snows and heats, and by and by helped in the country store. When older, from fourteen years onward, he drove a team to Dover, with wood and lumber, and sold his loads, standing on Central square. But he had a passion for books, and a burning desire for an education. He learned all he could get in the short district schools, and when about sixteen years of age he secured two terms, about six months in all, in Strafford Academy,—one term under Ira F. Folsom (D. C. 1848), and one under Rev. Porter S. Burbank. In 1849 he was one term at the N. H. Conference Seminary, in Northfield (now Tilton), under Rev. Dr. Richard S. Rust. Then, for satisfactory reasons, he gave up all academies, returned home, sat himself down alone to his Latin, Greek, and mathematics, and with indomitable perseverance prepared for college. He entered Dartmouth in 1850, undoubtedly the poorest fitted of his class; but he had the fitting of a determined will, unconquerable industry, a keen intellect, and the fibre of six generations of open-air ancestors, and in 1854 he was graduated at the head of his class, and was valedictorian. It is needless to say, perhaps, that the oldest of nine children had to practise economy and teach district schools five winters in his native town; and that what small advances he had from his father were repaid, to the last dollar, from his first earnings.

In the fall of 1854 he was appointed a clerk in the New York custom-house, and held the position for three years. He had taken an early interest in politics, being by education a Democrat. But he had always been radically anti-slavery in sentiment. He rebelled against the Kansas-

Nebraska bill ; and he alone in the custom-house, fearless of the probable result to himself, openly denounced the Lecompton constitution policy of Buchanan, and supported Douglas. In consequence he was removed from office in March, 1858.

Returning to Dover he resumed the study of law—which he had commenced in New York—in the office of the eminent lawyer, Daniel M. Christie, and on that gentleman's motion was admitted to the bar in Strafford county at the May term, 1860. He held Mr. Christie in the highest reverence and respect, which, upon his decease in 1876, was manifested by an address upon his life and character delivered before the court, and subsequently printed. It was regarded as an eloquent and appreciative tribute to Mr. Christie's remarkable qualities of manhood, and extraordinary powers as a lawyer.

Upon his admission to the bar, Mr. Hall opened an office in Dover, and commenced practice. In the spring of 1859, just before the state election, in view of the great crisis coming upon the country, he (as did also Judge Charles Doe at the same time) withdrew from the Democratic party and cast in his allegiance with the Republicans. With them, where his conscience and political principles alike placed him, has his lot been cast ever since ; and his services, in later and critical years, have had an important bearing upon New Hampshire's political destinies.

In 1859 he was appointed, by the governor and council, school commissioner for Strafford county, and was re-appointed in 1860. His early training in the country district school, his work as master in the winters, and his hard-earned higher education qualified him eminently for the practical duties of this office.

In the autumn of 1861 he was appointed secretary of the United States senate committee to investigate the surrender of the Norfolk navy-yard. This committee consisted of John P. Hale, Andrew Johnson, and James W. Grimes. Soon after, he was appointed clerk of the senate committee

on naval affairs, at Washington, of which Mr. Hale was chairman. He served a few months in this capacity, but wished for more active participation in the great struggle then in progress. The conflict, which had its symptoms in the Lecompton strife, had become war, and the young man who had then surrendered office for principles was ready for a still greater sacrifice. In March, 1862, he was commissioned aide-de-camp and captain in the regular army, and assigned to duty with Gen. John C. Fremont; but before he had time to join him, Gen. Fremont had retired from command, and Capt. Hall was transferred to the staff of Gen. A. W. Whipple, then in command, at Arlington Heights, of the troops and works in front of Washington, on the south side of the Potomac. In September, 1862, in the Antietam campaign, he, with Gen. Whipple, joined the Army of the Potomac, and eventually marched with it to the front at Fredericksburg. On the 13th of December, 1862, he was in the battle of Fredericksburg, crossing the river with the third corps, and taking part in the sanguinary assault upon the works which covered Marye's Heights.

At the battle of Chancellorsville he was in the column sent out to strike Jackson's flank or rear, on his celebrated flank march, and in the gallant action of the third division of the third corps, under Gen. Whipple, and was with that lamented officer when he fell mortally wounded.

Capt. Hall was then assigned to the staff of Gen. Oliver O. Howard, commanding the eleventh corps, and with him participated in the campaign and battle of Gettysburg. On the second day of the engagement he was slightly wounded by a shell. He remained with the eleventh corps, serving in various staff capacities, till it was ordered West.

In the latter part of 1863 his health gave way, and he was forced to leave the Army of the Potomac in December of that year. But, in June, 1864, he was appointed provost-marshal of the first New Hampshire district, being stationed at Portsmouth, and here he remained until the close of the war. The affairs of the office were in some confusion, but

his methodical habits soon reduced it to order. During his term of service he enlisted or drafted, and forwarded over four thousand men to the army. This service, which ceased in October, 1865, was marked by signal ability, integrity, and usefulness to the government. "He was one of the men," said a substitute broker, "that no man dared approach with a crooked proposition, no matter how much was in it."

Mr. Hall resumed the practice of law in Dover, but was, in 1866, appointed clerk of the courts for Strafford county, and, in 1868, judge of the police court for the city of Dover. The duties were performed with his usual ability and justice, but, in 1874, the Democratic party (being in power) "addressed" him out of both offices. Meantime he was judge-advocate in the military of New Hampshire under Gov. Smyth, and held a position on the staff of Gov. Harri-man, which gave him his usual title of colonel.

Col. Hall had long taken a deep interest in political affairs. To him they represented principles. In 1873 he was president of the Republican state convention at Concord. He had been for some years a member of the state committee when, in December, 1873, his abilities as a leader and executive were recognized in his selection as chairman of that committee. He so remained till 1877, and conducted the campaigns, state and national, of 1874, 1875, and 1876. These were critical years for the Republican party. The nearly even balance of parties in New Hampshire, the vigor and intensity with which the battles are always fought, and the skill necessary in every department, demanded abilities and energies of the highest order. The years mentioned surpassed ordinary years in political danger to the Republicans. It is sufficient to say that Col. Hall conducted the last three campaigns to a triumphant issue. So decisive were the successive victories that the tide was turned permanently, and from that time the state has not swerved from her Republican allegiance.

In 1876 Col. Hall was chairman of the New Hampshire

delegation to the Republican national convention at Cincinnati, being chosen at large, unpledged, and with scarce a dissenting vote. He voted on the decisive ballot for Rutherford B. Hayes.

In 1876 and 1877 he was, by appointment of Gov. Cheney, reporter of the decisions of the supreme court of New Hampshire, and published volumes 56 and 57 of the New Hampshire Reports.

In 1877 he received the appointment of naval officer at the port of Boston. This office is coördinate with that of collector, upon which it is a check, and, when properly administered, is of great value to the country. Col. Hall's business habits, his keen insight, his perfect accuracy, and the ruling principle of his life to do everything well and thoroughly, there came into operation. He quietly mastered the details as well as the general work of the department. Regularly at his post, his office became a model in its management, and was commended in the highest terms by the proper officers. When, therefore, his term expired, he was reappointed by President Arthur without opposition, and remained in office till removed by President Cleveland in 1885.

The office, under his management, performed its functions to the advantage of the government, participating influentially in the collection of many millions of customs revenue, and insuring the faithful enforcement of all the revenue laws. Under him there was no proscription, political or personal. No subordinate was removed to make way for any favorite; but the force, with some additions made necessary by the increase of business, remained substantially as he found it. It is believed that, without making any high-sounding professions of "reform," the head of the naval office, from 1877 to 1886, made a clean official record, and gave a practical exhibition of the best kind of civil service by appointing capable men only, and by keeping good men in their places, and making no changes among faithful subordinates for the personal ends of himself or his friends.

Col. Hall has been prominent for many years in the Grand Army of the Republic, and taken great interest in the order. He has been judge-advocate and senior vice-commander, and is now commander of the Department of New Hampshire.

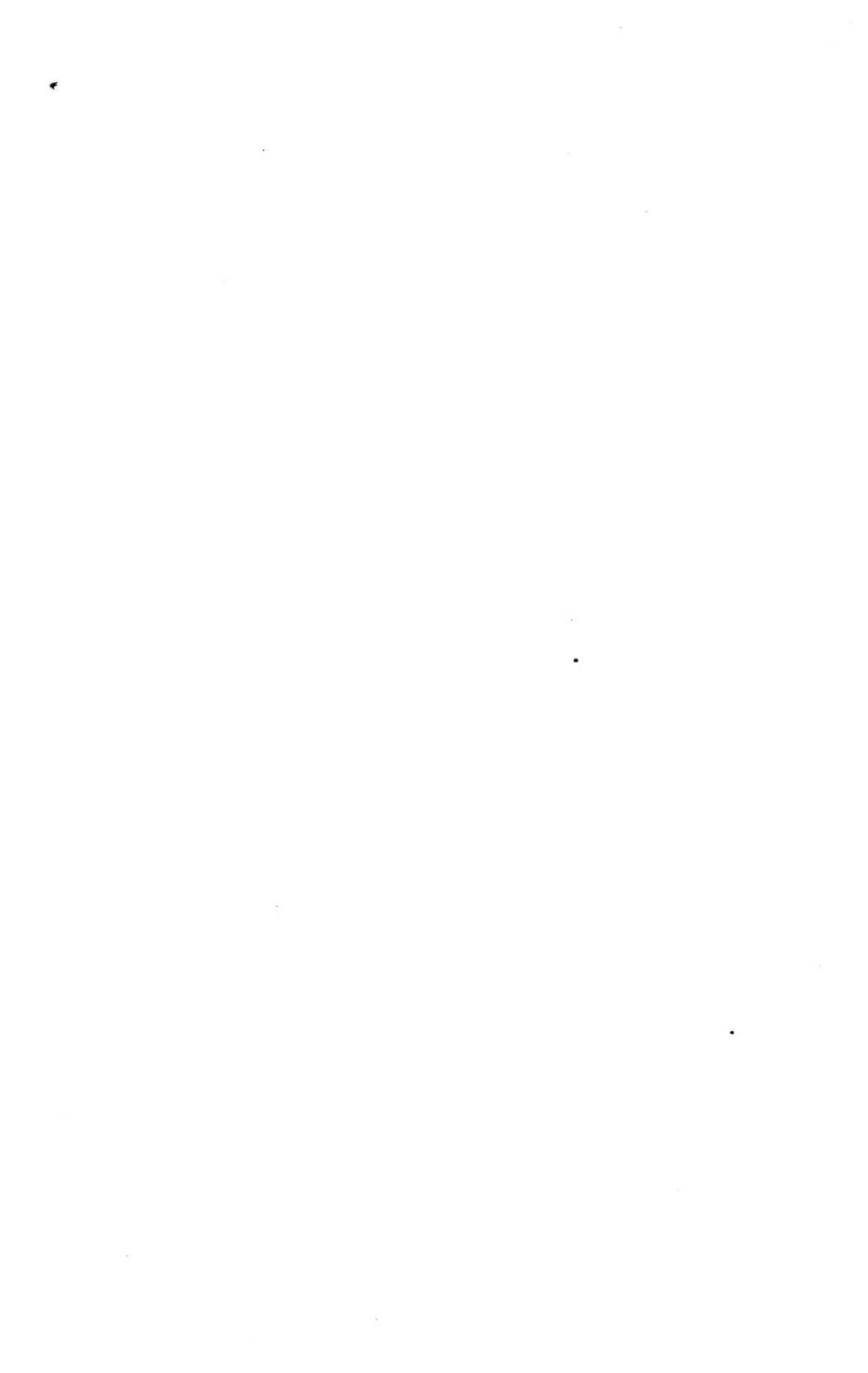
He drafted the law establishing the New Hampshire Soldiers' Home; was very active in securing its adoption, and has been a member of the board of managers ever since its establishment.

He is a trustee of the Strafford Savings Bank in Dover, and attends the First Parish Congregational Church, where his emigrant ancestor held office nearly two centuries and a half ago. He is a radical teetotaler, and has taken an active and life-long interest in the cause of temperance, and in the protection of animals.

Col. Hall married, January 25, 1877, Sophia, daughter of Jonathan T. and Sarah (Hanson) Dodge of Rochester, and has one son, Arthur Wellesley Hall, born August 30, 1878.

Col. Hall has delivered numerous public addresses, as occasion demanded, which have exhibited thought, patriotism, scholarship, and a comprehensive interest in public affairs. His oratorical and literary efforts have embraced memorial and dedicatory addresses, political speeches, lectures on literary, educational, and military subjects, articles for the press, and eulogies upon Lincoln, Grant, Hale, Christie, and others.

Fidelity to every engagement, good faith to every principle espoused, firmness of purpose, steady industry and efficiency in every work undertaken, are his leading characteristics, and have ensured him a measure of success, fully equal to the expectations of a nature not unduly ambitious for what are generally esteemed the high prizes in life.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

MR. PRESIDENT: I understand that I am expected to occupy a few minutes of your time in speaking of "Abraham Lincoln as a Man." The theme is too large for me, and crushes me at the beginning. It is like speaking of the sun; and as, while we stand in the full effulgence of that great luminary, flooding the world with its light and warmth and life-giving power, it is impossible to disentangle and analyze its various and many-hued rays of beneficence, so is it difficult to emphasize any separate aspects of this illustrious and many-sided character. The mere character of a great man not seldom confers greater benefits upon the nation, and upon the epoch in which he lives, than any, or even all, of his specific achievements. I have sometimes thought that such was the ministry to us of the life of Abraham Lincoln; for though it was given to him to connect his name inseparably with some of the greatest events in our history,—the overthrow of the Rebellion, the maintenance of the Union, the emancipation of the slave,—yet when we consider the great moral authority his name has gained, the ideas and associations that cluster about that unique individuality, how his influence and example and precepts have uplifted this people in their whole being, it seems as if he had brought a new

force into our national life; had set in motion a train of benign influences which is to go on without limit, so that in future his age is to form a new date and point of departure in our political calendar.

So familiar is his personality to us that we scarcely need to know more of him; and yet I think all of us must be reading with deep interest the new *Life of Lincoln*, which is appearing in "*The Century*," and throwing fresh light upon his origin, his education, and his early career. There was a special fitness in the birth, amid the poorest and harshest surroundings, of him whose destiny it was to assert for his country and his age the divine right, not of kings, but of humanity,—the essential equality of men, and their right to an untrammelled liberty and an unfettered pursuit of happiness. No training in the schools entered into his preparation for his great work, but he lived the life of the broad West, breathing its free and invigorating air, and thus developed a sterling manhood, health of body, and strength of limb, truth in every word and deed, and a clearness of vision and moral intrepidity which the schools cannot supply. Thus reared, amid humble and simple surroundings, he "mewed his mighty youth" in warfare upon

"The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,
The iron bark that turns the lumberer's axe,
The rapid that o'erbears the boatman's toil,
The prairie, hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks,

"The ambushed Indian and the prowling bear,—
Such were the needs that helped his youth to train:
Rough culture—but such trees large fruit may bear,
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain."

In such a mould his life took on that rough exterior and homely garb which shaped it for all time, and made him "in his simplicity sublime."

These struggles of pioneer life were the bracing on of the armor of Vulcan which equipped him for deeds of high emprise; they made him brave and true, genuine and sincere,—one to whom duty should be first, and the rights of man second; and he grew up having in him what our ancestors, with awful solemnity, called "the fear of God." To his latest day he took on no veneer of polish; he assumed no dramatic attitudes for dazzling the eye or impressing the imagination, and was guilty of no trickeries to cheat the judgment of contemporaries or of posterity.

It is not necessary to trace Mr. Lincoln's pathway, step by step, upward toward the high places of the world. You are all familiar with the slow but sure processes of his growth and advancement. His original abilities were of a high order. He saw quickly and distinctly. His mind was clear, and open to truth as the flowers are to the sunlight and the dew. His reasonings were close and sound. He was a man of power and effectiveness, and so steadily did he grow in public esteem that long before his great preferment was dreamed of he enjoyed a popular regard almost unparalleled. No stronger proof of his intellectual and moral energy can be cited than the rapid and strong hold which he gained in due time upon the patriotism, the confidence, and the faith of the country. These elements crystallized with an unhesitating abandon about his name, and the strength and vitality of the

free North took the color of his mind, and became charged with his personality. That he was a great lawyer, with vigorous powers of logic and comparison and illustration, and a strong grasp upon legal principles, will be shown to you by another, amply competent to present to you that phase of his greatness; and I will not trench upon his province.

He was also an orator of rare power. Before those rather rude audiences of the West, which had no fastidiousness, and judged him by no nice standard of taste, he was grandly effective, and convinced and swayed them with consummate skill. With them he employed, as he did everywhere, those "rugged phrases hewn from life," and that inimitable wit and genial humor which testified to his real seriousness, and the zest and relish with which he entered into the life around him. The severe logic, the clearness and compactness of statement, the moral earnestness which struck a deeper chord even than conviction,—all these appear in some of his speeches in congress, and notably in the renowned debate between him and Douglas; and in these and his casual addresses, more still in his unstudied conversations, there is to be found phrase after phrase that has the ring, and the weight, and the sharp outline of a bronze coin. But he filled also the requisites of a higher and more exacting criticism. Though unlearned, and without the graces of the schools, he was sometimes gifted with the loftiest eloquence. On great occasions, written and spoken speech has rarely risen to higher levels than from his lips. Some of his utterances, instinct with solemn thoughtfulness, and illustrated by beauty of

diction, a sententious brevity, and felicitous turns of expression, such as the Cooper Institute speech, his inaugural addresses, and the oration at Gettysburg, are masterpieces, to live and resound as long as the English tongue survives.

Mr. Lincoln answered, as I think, another of the unerring tests of greatness, in his marked individuality, and his unique unlikeness to everybody else. He had no affectation of singularity, and yet he created a distinctness of impression which seems to point him out as a type by himself, a distinct species created by the Divine hand in the evolution of time. His image on our vision is not a blur, but is as distinctly and sharply cut as the outline of a cameo, or

“The dome of Florence drawn on the deep blue sky.”

No other great man as yet in the least resembles him; and if, my friends, we are so happy one day as to meet the shades of the great in the Elysian fields, we shall know that exalted spirit at a glance, and we shall no more mistake the identity of Abraham Lincoln than we shall that of Cæsar or Cromwell or Napoleon, Washington or Grant. Nature stamps her particular sign-manual upon each of her supremely great creations, and we may be sure that she broke the die in moulding Lincoln.

To a club which has honored itself by taking his great name, an inquiry into Mr. Lincoln's conception of politics must ever be a study of the deepest interest. In the first place, he *was* a politician from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, and,

himself pure, sober, temperate, chaste, and incorruptible, he never shrank from what the mawkish sentimentality of our day affects to condemn and sneer at as the vulgarity of engaging in politics. He entered with ardor into the political life around him ; he engaged in party caucuses, conventions, and gatherings ; he mixed in the political management of his state, his county, his district, his township, and received no contamination thereby. He conceived this to be the duty of every citizen of a free republic, and no word discouraging political activity ever fell from his lips. He carried into his politics the same morality that he used in his daily dealings with clients and friends. He was incapable of intrigue, he was true and transparent, and no duplicity ever stained his integrity. He studied the currents of public opinion, not as a demagogue to slavishly follow them, but from a profound conviction that, as to times and means, all men are wiser than any one man, and from a real respect for the will of the people, to which he ever rendered a genuine homage. He sought no power. He was too healthy and natural to be disturbed by any troubled dreams of a great destiny ; and if he had ambition, it was free from vulgar taint. But *in* power he never forgot his trusteeship for the people, and he never lost elbow-touch with those to whom he rendered

“The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed.”

The world knew, therefore, that glory, or vanity, or lust of power had no place in that pure heart.

“His ends were his country’s, his God’s, and truth’s,” and thus did he earn the proud title of

“Statesman, yet friend to truth ! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honor clear ;
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gained no title, and who lost no friend.”

Therefore, Mr. President, I claim that his whole life is a standing reproof to the flippant notion and the skeptical and cynical fling that politics is a dishonest game. He was a politician from the outset ; and if there is one lesson inculcated here to-day by his life and character, it is that politics in a free government affords the loftiest themes of thought and the grandest theatre of action for men of great and consecrated powers. He was a striking proof that the honestest politics is the best politics, that the greatest prizes are gained by unselfish souls, and that, in fact, there is in decent politics no room for a dishonest man. Here was a man devoted all his life to politics in America, with a zeal and intensity which left him no time for the study of anything but politics, and the law by which he gained his meagre livelihood ; and if, as has been said, there is something narrowing in the profession of law, and degrading in the pursuit of politics, surely Abraham Lincoln did not exemplify it, nor did he,

“—— born for the universe, narrow his mind,
And to party give up what was meant for mankind.”

After his great elevation, his speeches and state papers are replete with proofs of his political

insight, his clearness of vision, and his far-reaching views. He saw vividly the great considerations which determined his duty, and that of his party, on the question of disunion. He felt in his own breast the pulsations of this mighty land. He saw his country and her splendid opportunities for a great race of empire,—no oceans or mountains dividing, great rivers connecting, a common origin, a common history, common traditions, a common language, continuity of soil, and a great position in the family of nations which unity alone could secure. He rose to the full height of the issues involved. He knew that should the South succeed in winning independence “the cloth once rent would be rent again ;” that there would no longer be one America, but many Americas ; that the New World would tread over again in the bloody tracks of the Old ; that there would be rival communities, with rival constitutions, democracies lapsing into military despotisms, intrigues, dissensions, and wars following on wars. Therefore this man, so gentle, so mild, so peace-loving, that every shot sent a pang to his own heart, could give the word of command, and, with unbending will, see the United States tear open their veins, and spill their blood in torrents that they might remain one people. But throughout the sanguinary carnival through which he was forced to lead us for four long years, Mr. Lincoln’s nature remained true and tender and forgiving. No bitterness and no uncharitableness usurped any place in his heart. There was nothing local or provincial in his patriotism. Notwithstanding the insults and contempt

lavished upon himself, despite the injury and wrong done to what he held dearer than himself,—the Union and the liberty which it made possible,—he still enfolded the South in his warmest affections. His whole public life is full of evidences of this breadth of view, this catholicity of temper, this far-reaching statesmanship, this magnanimous and Christian spirit. He yearned for peace unceasingly; and there can be no doubt that a complete pacification and reconciliation on the basis of impartial liberty was the last and fondest dream of his great soul, rudely interrupted by the stroke of the assassin. He lived not to realize his great designs, yet he fulfilled his historic mission, and what a large arc in the completed circle of our country's history will his administration embrace! What harvests of martial and civic virtue were garnered in! What a treasure-house of national memories and heroic traditions was prepared! What a new and glorious impulse was communicated to the national life!

What was achieved by his genius and character, by that peculiar combination and summary of qualities of heart and brain and environment which make up what we call Abraham Lincoln, we, by our finite standards and our partial view of the scopes and orbits of human influence, can never adequately measure. But some things we see in their completeness before our eyes. We gaze with admiration upon his pure and upright character, his immovable firmness and determination in the right, his inexhaustible patience and hopefulness under reverses. We remember how steadily these

masterful qualities wrought upon the public mind, till his quaint wisdom, his disinterestedness, his identification with the principles that underlay the issues of the Civil War, made his name representative of all that was highest and holiest and best in the North, and gave it a prestige which alone was sufficient to carry us triumphantly through to the end. Before this prestige all resistance was discomfited, and his was the hand to complete and adorn the unfinished temple of our fathers. Substituting the corner-stone of Freedom for that of Slavery, he built anew the indestructible edifice of our Liberty, giving it new proportions of beauty, lifting up into the clear blue its towers and pinacles, white and pure, and crowning all with the Emancipation Proclamation as its fitting cap-stone. He it was who presided over the strife which restored the Union, and "out of the nettle Danger plucked the flower Safety." But for that great character, raising high above the tumult of contending parties its voice of patriotism and moderation—that moderation which a profound writer calls "the great regulator of human intelligence"—who shall say that this government would not have been rent asunder, and the Ship of State foundered with all on board? There is no difference of opinion now as to the grandeur and nobility of this service. It was the finishing touch upon the work of Washington. Before Lincoln, Washington stood alone as the one great typical American. But now a new planet has come into our field of vision, and with him holds its place in our clear upper sky. Indeed, it is a significant fact

that, as time goes on, our Southern people, who so sorely taxed and saddened that great spirit, are gaining a love and reverence for him almost transcending our own. Those whom he reduced to obedience are foremost in appreciation of him, so that that eloquent son and orator of the New South (Henry W. Grady) could rise at the banquet of the New England Society of New York on last Forefathers' Day, and pay this lofty tribute to his genius and virtue.

Said he, "From the union of these colonists, from the straightening of their purposes and the crossing of their blood, slow perfecting through a century, came he who stands as the first typical American, the first who comprehended within himself all the strength and gentleness, all the majesty and grace, of this republic—Abraham Lincoln. He was the sum of Puritan and Cavalier, for in his ardent nature were fused the virtues of both, and in the depths of his great soul the faults of both were lost. He was greater than Puritan, greater than Cavalier, in that he was American, and that in his homely form were first gathered the vast and thrilling forces of this ideal government—charging it with such tremendous meaning, and so elevating it above human suffering that martyrdom, though infamously aimed, came as a fitting crown to a life consecrated from the cradle to human liberty."

This is equally beautiful and true ; and it well pays us for waiting to hear it come at last from the lips of a Georgian, representing a city so hammered and trampled upon by our hosts that scarcely one

stone of it was left upon another in the gigantic struggle.

Not less striking, nor less surely the voice of the civilized world, were those strains, which, a few days after his death, swelled from the harp of England through the pages of *Punch*, which had ridiculed and insulted him through life :

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,
You, who with mocking pencil went to trace,
 Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
 His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
 His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
 His lack of all we prize as debonair,
 Of power or will to shine, of art to please,—

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
 Judging each step as though the way were plain;
 Reckless, so it could point its paragraph,
 Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain!

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding sheet
 The stars and stripes he lived to rear anew,
 Between the mourners at his head and feet,
 Say, scurril jester, is there room for *you*?

Yes, he had lived to shame me from my sneer;
 To lame my pencil and confute my pen; —
 To make me own this hind of princes peer;
 This rail-splitter a true born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learnt to rue,
 Noting how to occasion's height he rose;
 How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true;
 How iron-like his temper grew by blows;

How humble, yet how hopeful, he could be ;
 How, in good fortune and in ill, the same ;
 Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
 Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work—such work as few
 Ever had laid on head, and heart, and hand—
 As one who knows, where there's a task to do,
 Man's honest will must heaven's good grace command.

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
 That God makes instruments to work his will,
 If but that will we can arrive to know,
 Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side
 That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
 As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
 His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting might.

* * * * *

So he grew up a destined work to do,
 And lived to do it ; four long-suffering years'
 Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report lived through.
 And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise
 And took both with the same unwavering mood :
 Till, as he came on light, from darkening days,
 And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,

A felon had, between the goal and him,
 Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest,—
 And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
 Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest :

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
 Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
 When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
 To thoughts of peace on earth, good-will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame!
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high!
Sad life, cut short just as the triumph came!

A deed accurst! Strokes have been struck before
By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt
If more of horror or disgrace they bore,
But thy foul crime, like Cain's, shines darkly out.

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,
Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven,
And with the martyr's crown crownest a life
With much to praise, little to be forgiven!

Therefore, it is clear that whatever differences we are to have hereafter with our brethren of the recent strife, and with the races of mankind, we are, by common consent, to stand with equal reverence before him; and contemplating the life onward and upward of this peasant boy, from the log cabin to the White House, and the moral dictatorship of the world, I involuntarily bow before the inscrutable things of the universe, and exclaim,—
“Sublime destiny! to have climbed by his unaided energies not only to the summit of earthly power, but to the reverence of history, and an undisputed dominion over the hearts and minds of posterity in all coming ages.”

I have spoken of Mr. Lincoln's plainness and simplicity, his abilities and achievements, and his relation to politics. Through these he became a great factor in the events of his time. But after all, I must think the true key to his influence is to be sought and found elsewhere. In his incorruptible

purity, his disinterestedness, his inflexible morality, his fidelity to convictions,—in short, in his moral earnestness,—here were the real hiding-places of his power. The world is ever loyal to this lofty type of character, and whenever it recognizes a man who never does violence to his moral sense, it brings him the crown of its allegiance and homage. It was Mr. Lincoln's sturdy honesty that gave him early the *soubriquet* of "Honest Abe," which never left him; and this it was that winged his speech with celestial fire, and made him victor wherever he moved. The moral bearings of every question presented to him were never out of his mind. In this respect, unlike most of the world's great, "his wagon" was always "hitched to a star." In fine, the elements of intellect, and will, and morality, were

"So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, This was a Man!"

There is one scene in the life of Mr. Lincoln which has impressed my imagination beyond any other, and I have wondered why some masterly artist has never yet seized and thrown it in glowing colors and immortal beauty upon some great historical canvas. It seems to me it must have been the supreme happiness of that weary life, the moment when he looked into the dusky faces of his children by adoption in the streets of Richmond, from whose limbs the fetters had dropped at his touch, whom his word had lifted into the gladsome light of liberty,—“sole passion of the generous heart, sole treasure worthy of being coveted.”

O my friends, the people did not simply admire Abraham Lincoln for his intellectual power, his force of will, the purity of his conscience, the rectitude of his private and public life; but they loved him as little children love their father, because they knew that he "loved the people in his heart as a father loves his children, ready at all hours of the day or the night to rise, to march, to fight, to suffer, to conquer or to be conquered, to sacrifice himself for them without reserve, with his fame, his fortune, his liberty, his blood, and his life."

Great men are like mountains, which grow as they recede from view. We are even now, perhaps, too near this extraordinary man, as indeed we are too near the remarkable events in which he lived and fought and won his battle of life, to appreciate them in their full significance. His fame in the centuries to come will rest, as that of all great men must and does, upon certain acts that stand out as landmarks in history. Few men have been so fortunate as he is. So canonized is he in the heart of mankind, that envy and detraction fall harmless at his feet, and stain not the whiteness of his fame. There have been many men of daily beauty in life, but few such fortunate enough to associate their names with great steps in the progress of man—fewer still to blend the double glory of the grandest public achievement with the tenderest, sweetest, gentlest, and simplest private life and thought.

Not too soon for an abundant glory, but too soon for a loving and grateful country, his spirit was "touched by the finger of God and he was not," and

“The great intelligences fair
That range above this mortal state,
In circle round the blessed gate,
Received and gave him welcome there.”

As we gather in spirit about his tomb to-day, and decorate with unfading amaranth and laurel the memory of our great chief, how fitly may we say of him what Dixon said of Douglas Jerrold,—“If every one who has received a favor at his hands should cast a flower upon his grave, a mountain of roses would lie on the great man’s breast.”

I know, friends, how little words can do to portray this august personage, and, toiling in vain to express the thoughts of him which you and I feel, I doubt if it were not better after all, as Mr. Lincoln himself said of Washington, to “pronounce his name in solemn awe, and in its naked and deathless splendor leave it shining on.”

If, now, such a character is a priceless possession to this people, how doubly fortunate are they, are we, who stood by him through life, and are the inheritors of his principles to-day. Therefore, Mr. President, is there a high propriety in this club of Republicans associating themselves together about the great name of Abraham Lincoln, inspired as they must be by the hope and the ambition to emulate those manly traits and those personal virtues which so pervaded his nature as to permeate his politics and govern his life. He was ours wholly, and this club, by adopting his name, in effect declares him its ideal Republican and political exemplar. In the very name there is fitting inspiration

to high and noble endeavor, and we should be recreant to our opportunities and to our best selves—

“ We that have loved him so, followed him, honored him,
Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
Made him our pattern to live, and to die ”—

I say, we should be recreant Republicans, if, under the influence of that transcendent name and character, the very crown and summit of American manhood, we should not rise to a lofty patriotism, a high conception of, and a new consecration to, political duty, and do our utmost to secure the triumph of his principles, and to lift our politics up to that high standard of honor and dignity which guided the steps of the great man whose birthday we now celebrate, and which is commemorated throughout the civilized world as that of a Patriot, Statesman, Hero, and supreme Martyr to Liberty.

JOHN P. HALE.

MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW CITIZENS : When the illusions of military glory, and the delirious dream of a universal supremacy, had given way to the sober reflections of the philosopher and statesman, the august exile of St. Helena said : "I wanted no statues, for I knew that there was no safety in receiving them at any other hands than those of posterity." In a like spirit, Burke also deprecated a statue in his life-time, saying that such honors belong exclusively to the tomb, and that, frequently, such is human inconstancy, the same hands which erect pull them down. Thus these great men, both with characteristic penetration and discernment, touched upon the profound truth that every man's work is to be tested by time. That is the crucible through which all service is to be passed before it receives its final stamp and authentication. But time is a factor whose relations to history are readjusted. What required an age in an earlier day is now accomplished in a generation, by the diffusion of knowledge, the rapid circulation of intelligence, the electric rapidity of all the interchanges of thought and sentiment. Men do not wait for ages to be appreciated. By these modern instruments of precision, in the quickening of human sympathies, and the broadening of

intellectual horizons, we measure the mental and moral altitude of our great actors, and determine their places in the firmament with unerring accuracy, after only that brief lapse of time which suffices for the subsidence of the passions and perturbations of contemporary judgment. And so, before a generation has passed since a great man was gathered to his rest, the people of his state meet, in unbroken accord, to do him honor by raising here a statue to his memory in the public grounds of the commonwealth, under the shadow of its capitol, whose arches have so often resounded with the echoes of his eloquence.

On the 31st day of March, 1806, New Hampshire was enriched with one of those rare gifts, which, bestowed upon her in unusual plenitude, have given her a distinction beyond most other states, as the mother of great men. On that day JOHN PARKER HALE was born in Rochester, of a father bearing the same name, a lawyer of brilliant promise, and a mother who was the daughter of William O'Brien, an Irish exile, who distinguished himself by the daring feat of capturing the first armed British vessel in the War of the Revolution and died a prisoner of war at the early age of twenty-three. He was of the heroic stock which gave birth to William Smith O'Brien. It is hardly more than idle speculation to fancy that we always find in race or pedigree the source of special traits in a great character ; but those who are curious to trace the characteristics of genius back to ancestral blood, have readily found Mr. Hale's practical turn of mind, sound sense, coolness and phlegm in

his sturdy Anglo-Saxon father, and the wit and humor, warmth and rhetorical fervor which marked his speech and temperament, in his mother's Celtic ancestors. Mr. Hale's father died in 1819 at the early age of forty-four, leaving an honorable name, but to his mother little of this world's goods wherewith to care for a numerous family of children, of whom Mr. Hale was the second, and but thirteen years of age. But she was equal to the duty imposed upon her. She nurtured her brood with singular care and industry, and had the satisfaction of living to see her son enter upon a career of assured professional success, and also into the political life which was afterwards so distinguished. She died in 1832 at the age of fifty-two years. Through all his life Mr. Hale loved and honored this noble mother with a rare devotion, serving her with a knightly loyalty in his youth, and in his days of renown, when he was an illustrious United States senator and the peer of any living American, he made a most touching allusion to her in the debate upon Gen. Cass's resolution of sympathy with the exiled Irish patriots. Said he, "Sir, my mother, many years dead, was the only child of an Irish exile. His name was O'Brien, and I should feel, if in this place, or in any place, whenever or wherever a word of sympathy is to be expressed for an Irish exile and an O'Brien, that I should be false to every pulsation of my heart, to every drop of blood that flows in these veins, and to that which no man can be false to, a deceased mother, if I did not express it. No, sir, let whatever consequences, personal or political, stand in the way, so long as

the blood of my mother flows in my veins, and so long as I remember who I am, and what I am, whatever words of sympathy, of counsel, or of encouragement an Irish exile can have, that he shall have from me."

But few of the contemporaries of Mr. Hale's youth survive, and it is difficult to present any but an imperfect record of the circumstances amid which he reached maturity, the processes by which he was prepared for his destined work, and the forces which determined the course and complexion of his career. But it is certain that he was a bright, active, quick, witty, kind, generous, courageous, and helpful boy. His mother's exertions kept him at school, and he was enabled at an early age to get a term or two of preparatory study at Exeter under Principal Abbot, who boasted some years after that he had five of his boys in the United States senate, "and pretty good boys, too,"—Webster, Cass, Hale, Dix, and Felch. He entered Bowdoin college in 1823, and was there a contemporary and friend of Franklin Pierce, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and other distinguished men. He was graduated there in 1827, with a high reputation for general ability and off-hand oratorical power. He read law at Rochester and at Dover, where he finished his legal studies under the tuition of the late Daniel M. Christie, for many years the honored head of the New Hampshire bar. As a law student he displayed all his characteristic traits of quickness, aptitude, ease of acquisition, and tenacity of memory; so that both his instructors, Mr. Woodman and Mr. Christie,

formed the highest hopes of him, and confidently predicted his future eminence. To all who knew him it was evident that he was fitted to play a great part in the world, and was the possessor of powers of which his country had a right to demand an account. From his earliest youth he manifested the activity of his intellect, and read with interest the classics of our literature, and especially the great orators of ancient and modern times. Admitted to the bar and opening an office at Dover in 1830, he at once took high rank in the profession. His entrance into practice realized the highest hopes of his friends ; he soon gained a large clientage, and within a few years became known as one of the most astute lawyers and eloquent advocates at the New Hampshire bar. He had consummate skill and tact in handling witnesses, rare keenness in discerning the points at issue and adroitness in meeting them, and extraordinary power before juries in both criminal and civil cases. In the earlier years of his practice he was often the leading counsel against Mr. Christie and others not less distinguished, and his appeals to the jury gave full scope to his unrivalled wit and humor, his indignation against wrong, and pathos in defence of the rights of humanity.

As a lawyer, Mr. Hale from the outset manifested the democratic tendencies of his mind and character. He believed in the people, and was jealous of every encroachment upon popular rights. Before his entrance upon the national arena he made a stand in the supreme court of New Hampshire for the right of the jury to be judges of the

law as well as the facts in criminal cases, and had a warm controversy on the subject with the late Chief-Justice Joel Parker. He published a pamphlet on the question which was a remarkable production, showing great research and polemical skill, and it is scarcely extravagant to style it a monument to his acquirements as a lawyer. It contains well-nigh all the learning on a question of the deepest importance in its day, which has been substantially settled at last by the ameliorations of the criminal law, the progress of society, and the growth of the institutions of liberty. Although Mr. Hale was not distinguished for recondite learning, this publication exhibited too complete a mastery of authorities to be dashed off at a sitting, too profound an argument to have been prepared in a day. This debate is chiefly interesting today as proof that Mr. Hale had unquestionably devoted time in his early years to the study of the great books of the common law, to the history and development of English liberty, and was deeply grounded in its leading principles. Judge Parker replied through the *New Hampshire Reports* in *Peirce et al. v. State*, 13 N. H. 536. An examination of these reports from Vol. 6 to 17, inclusive, will show the extent and importance of Mr. Hale's law practice, and that he had every prospect of a great legal career.

Mr. Hale exhibited an early bias towards politics and the consideration of public affairs. With his ardent nature, popular sympathies, and devotion to free principles, it is not strange that he had embraced the doctrines of that democracy which

was then in the ascendant in the young republic. In 1832 he was elected to the legislature on a workingman's ticket, an incident thus early indicative of his sympathetic relation with humanity, and a presage of his future career as a champion of popular rights. He soon after became fully identified with the Democratic party, and in 1834, when only twenty-eight years of age, he was appointed by President Jackson United States district attorney, which position he held with distinction till he was removed for political reasons by the Whig administration in 1841. During this time Mr. Hale had developed very rapidly as a lawyer and orator, and in 1843 he was nominated for congress by the Democratic party, and elected on a general ticket with Edmund Burke, John R. Reding, and Moses Norris.

It was the fortune of Mr. Hale to come upon the stage of action at a time of intellectual and moral ferment in New England,—a time of daring speculations, when enthusiasms were aroused, and society, though not recreated by transcendentalism and other more or less Utopian schemes, yet received a mighty uplifting, which gave free scope to the most adventurous thought and philanthropy. His youth and early manhood were coincident with this period of moral and intellectual upheaval and awakening on all subjects; and if such a man, by virtue of his environment and the indifference of the public sentiment in which he was reared, was as yet callous to the wrong and the danger of American slavery, it was clear he could not so remain. It is impossible to conceive that a mind

so comprehensive, a nature so fine and humane, a temper so bold, a courage so superb and complete, should not be arrested by a portent so terrible then rising into domination of the republic, and against which every generous aspiration of New England was rising in insurrection. Since, by his own confession, he had encouraged a rude interruption of an anti-slavery meeting in Dover in 1835, a persecution of abolitionists in which he said he thought he was doing God service, as Paul did before his conversion in persecuting the Christians, Mr. Hale had been a watchful observer of the course of events and ideas, and when he was elected to congress in 1843, it was known that he would vote for the abrogation of the twenty-first rule, whereby congress, at the dictation of the slave power, contemptuously refused to receive anti-slavery petitions. He had avowed this purpose, and was elected with that understanding; and when the question came forward in that congress, he, with Hannibal Hamlin of Maine, came to the support of Mr. Adams, and valiantly fought to abrogate the rule. The attempt was not then successful, but at the next session the "old man eloquent" burst through the gag rule in triumph.

The slavery of the negro race in the United States is one of the cruelest and bloodiest passages in human history. In the same year that the *Mayflower* crossed the ocean, bearing to the western continent the Pilgrim fathers, another ship buffeted the same sea, brought with her a cargo of nineteen slaves, and landed them at Jamestown in Virginia. That was the fatal seed of American slavery, the

up a tree which struck deep its poisonous root, and threatened so long to overshadow the whole land. Mr. Sumner well said that in the hold of these two ships were concealed the germs of the War of the Rebellion. As time passed on, negroes were forced into the country by British greed, and the system made its way into all the colonies. But the conscience of Puritanism never gave up its antagonism to the idea that "man could hold property in man," and in time the New England colonies one by one sloughed it off.

During the War of Independence, however, nearly all the colonies held slaves, though the system was far stronger in the South than in the North. But the Revolutionary struggle itself gave rise to certain phrases since called "glittering generalities of natural right," which in themselves were held to bar a continuance of the institution. Before the adoption of the constitution a majority of the states had inhibited the further introduction of slaves, and almost everywhere, notably in Virginia under the influence of Jefferson and Madison, the current of opinion and of political action was against slavery. That it was considered a mere temporary condition by our fathers, to be very soon eliminated and cast off, is beyond question. It was the fortune of Mr. Hale to demonstrate that on repeated occasions in his political life. The views of the makers of the constitution are clearly shown by the great ordinance of 1787, passed by the congress of the confederation, which dedicated the Northwest to freedom forever by these immortal words: "There shall be neither slavery nor

involuntary servitude in the said territory, otherwise than in the punishment of crimes whereof the party shall have been duly convicted."

Then came the constitution itself, in which the founders would acknowledge the existence of slavery in the Union by an euphemism only, by the prohibition of the slave trade after 1808, and by guaranties looking to the ultimate extinction of the system itself. One of the first acts of congress under the constitution was to reënact the ordinance of Jefferson and Dane by extending its provisions to new territory ceded to the Union. But now, soon after the constitution was formed, these strong tendencies towards emancipation and the restriction of slavery began to be reversed. In the Union as first formed, only a small portion, a little strip on the southern Atlantic slope, was adapted to the tropical productions of rice and cotton. But now the Anglo-Saxon "hunger for the horizon" began to operate. The retrocession of Louisiana to France in 1800, and its purchase by the United States from Napoleon in 1803, and the purchase of Florida from Spain in 1819, threw open a vast acreage of new lands, with a deep and fertile soil, under a burning sun, fitted superbly for the growth of cotton and the sugar cane under conditions to which the Caucasian constitution was not adapted. But the most potent factor was the simple invention of the cotton gin by Eli Whitney in 1793, which, concurring with other mechanical inventions of this time, changed the whole aspect of the slavery question in the cotton growing states.

Previous to 1790 no cotton had been exported

from America. These events stimulated the cultivation of cotton, opened for it a foreign market, enhanced the commercial value of the slave, and tightened his chains. It is noteworthy how the excess of land in the extreme South fitted into the excess of labor in the border states, and gave to both a common and reciprocal interest in "the peculiar institution." The Louisiana purchase added more land to the Union than we already had. This acquisition of territory thus developed the interstate slave trade, and Virginia became the breeding ground of a race of chattel laborers, whose wrongs were depicted in such lurid colors and with such lightning strokes of genius in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Thus the institution became an iniquitous and guilty traffic, so far out-heroding any former system of helotism in human history as to call down upon itself the execration of man and the vengeance of heaven. The South became more and more enamored of a system so diabolically profitable, and, elated by holding the fancied monopoly of the world's greatest staple, boldly proclaimed that cotton was king,—that cotton could only be produced by slave labor, and that therefore slavery should be a permanent institution, to be nursed, protected, preserved, extended, and made the corner stone and vital principle of their civilization. From that time the North and South grew wider and wider apart, and the rival systems of freedom and slavery contended fiercely for the mastery in the great masses of territory that had been successively added to the Union. Happily, the great ordinance of 1787, a state paper deserving to take rank with

the Declaration of Independence, which Lord Brougham said should always hang in the cabinet of kings, had predestined to freedom a vast region, a virgin soil where no prior rights had taken root and no tares been sown, and to its efficacy we are indebted for the great free commonwealths of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, stretching from the Ohio to the sources of the Mississippi,—though slavery did not give *them* up even without a further struggle. The South, with a bad faith which became characteristic, demanded the abrogation of the ordinance, and an agitation began to be manifested whose dull and distant rumblings, forerunners of volcanic outbreaks, could be heard ever and anon during the next thirty years. But, over the Louisiana purchase of 1803, that vast region extending from the Gulf of Mexico to the headwaters of the Missouri, the old empires of Spain and France had legalized slavery, and consequently the institution was already planted there beyond dispute. Louisiana and Arkansas were taken into the Union as slave states, but at a little later day, when Missouri applied for admission in 1818, the friends of freedom, then in control of the house of representatives, demanded the exclusion of slavery. Thereupon ensued a memorable struggle lasting two years, but finally settled by the Missouri compromise passed in 1820, whereby Missouri was admitted with the slavery that has cursed and hampered her ever since, and the North in lieu of it got the solemn agreement of the South for the reversion of freedom in the part of the territory not yet organ-

ized, in the following words: "*And be it further enacted*, that in all that territory ceded by France to the United States under the name of Louisiana, which lies north of 36° 30' north latitude, excepting only such part thereof as is included within the limits of the state contemplated by this act, slavery and involuntary servitude, otherwise than in punishment of crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall be and is forever prohibited." Florida was then admitted in 1821, and once more the country breathed freely, and peace for the future was supposed to be secure. But the tiger craving of the South for conquest and power had been whetted, and its aggressive and Philistine character appeared ever and anon, in the discussions upon the tariff, the public lands, the right of petition, the right of interference with the mails in search of "incendiary publications," the Creek and Seminole War, and otherwise, that came up in the following twenty years. That at the end slavery had made a distinct advance upon freedom, enlarging its pretensions, aggrandizing itself anew at every step, and more and more completely subjugating the public opinion of the North to its uses, is a truth abundantly evidenced by the history of the time. In 1832 Mr. Calhoun had organized the slave power, and brought it forward upon the scene with a distinct purpose and programme of its own; and, less than twenty-five years after the Missouri compromise, that power, now become a propaganda of the most ruthless character, and, holding entire control of the federal government, had adroitly and criminally plotted and brought about the severance

of Texas from Mexico, overrun and revolutionized it, and now proposed to annex it to the slave interest in the Union, and make its preponderance final and decisive. This had been notoriously done in the interest of slave extension. These encroachments of the South upon freedom were well calculated to arouse the latent and slowly-growing anti-slavery sentiments of the North, and, in fact, brought a crisis which enlisted the energies of many noble souls.

At this juncture John P. Hale took his seat in the national house of representatives—into this seething caldron of slavery agitation his political life was cast. He had inherited no anti-slavery principles—such as he had were the fruit of a steady growth of heart and brain. He had been awakened by the trend of events and ideas between the Storrs meeting in the Dover church and 1843, and he found his conscience and his whole better nature insurgent against the slave system. Perhaps no man ever entered congress with more flattering prospects. His reputation had preceded him, and his gifts as an orator gave him an immediate hearing in the house. In the opening days of the session he entered freely into the debates, taking a very prominent stand as an advocate of Democratic principles, and attracting wide and admiring attention by his oratorical power. There was the fire of a passionate sincerity in his eloquent improvisations; and I well remember the contemporary characterizations of him as the “Democratic Boanerges,” the “Granite State cataract,” and other like expressions. He proposed measures of

retrenchment in regard to West Point, the army, and the navy, and advocated a reduction in postage rates, and the abolition of corporal punishment in the army. On the 3d of June, 1844, he set in motion a great movement for humanity by moving an amendment to the naval appropriation bill, abolishing flogging in the navy, and his eloquence carried it in the house, but it was lost in the senate.

Then came the act of Mr. Hale which may fairly be regarded as the initial point of his great career upon those lines which he afterwards followed with such devoted singleness of heart and purpose. The annexation of Texas was the pet scheme of President Tyler, but was supported zealously by the extreme pro-slavery party at the South with Mr. Calhoun at their head. He was their leading intellect, and it was soon seen to be a scheme in the direct and exclusive interest of slavery extension. Accordingly, as its character unfolded, the spontaneous feeling and expression of the North were opposed to it. The project of slavery extension was opposed by all the accredited organs of Democratic party opinion in New Hampshire, alike by the leaders, the press, and the masses of the party itself. It was denounced by the press in unmeasured terms as a design "black as ink and bitter as hell." This was the undoubted attitude of the Democratic party of New Hampshire in 1843 and 1844. But the South had obtained complete control of the national councils and patronage, and the word had gone forth that Texas was to be annexed to the Union for the aggrandizement of slavery, and such was the power of the South over the

national convention that Mr. Van Buren, for whom the Democracy of New Hampshire had unanimously instructed their delegates, was defrauded of the presidential nomination on account of his opposition to the annexation of Texas, and Mr. Polk nominated because he favored the scheme. Therefore, to keep in line with, or rather to obey the behests of, the Southern Democracy, the Democratic newspapers and public men of New Hampshire had to change front, and to eat their own brave words of resistance to that domination. In fact, the annexation of Texas had been first hinted at, then timidly suggested, and at length boldly avowed as the Democratic policy in the teeth of all the anti-slavery feeling of the Northern states; and not only this, but as a treaty of annexation, which the whole North believed to be the only constitutional way of acquiring foreign territory, could not be carried through the senate, it was resolved by an unscrupulous and domineering slave party to defy all constitutional restraints, and annex Texas by joint resolution. So complete was the domination of Southern men and interests over the Democratic party of the North that at their dictation the New Hampshire Democracy reversed its course, and the legislature in December, 1844, passed resolutions instructing the senators and representatives in congress to vote for the annexation of Texas. It was true that Mr. Hale had powerfully and effectively advocated the election of Mr. Polk, who was known to be in favor of annexation, but he had done so, undoubtedly, with the understanding that annexation was to be effected, if at all, by constitu-

tional methods, by the treaty-making power which all the great organs of constitutional interpretation had insisted upon, and also that as many or more free than slave states were to be added to the Union, and thus the area of freedom was to be extended at least equally with that of slavery. This was the language of Northern speakers, and the Democratic press, headed by the *Democratic Review*, all through the campaign. This was Mr. Clay's opinion, and some Southern men opposed the annexation upon the very ground "that Texas as an undivided slave country, though a foreign one, was preferable to Texas carved up into an equal number of slaveholding and non-slaveholding states." The New Hampshire legislature in these very resolutions of instruction expressed the belief that the annexation of Texas would add more free than slave states to the Union. But Mr. Polk had been elected, and the South proceeded at once to pluck the spoils of victory. Before the inauguration so eager were they for the consummation of the scheme that at the session commencing in December, 1844, the Texas project was brought forward. All the pent-up fires of Northern opposition to slavery extension and aggrandizement were fanned into a flame, and a fierce contention arose. Mr. Hale, evidently with no idea of breaking with his party, instead of bending to the dictation of the Southern leaders, proceeded simply to carry out the opinions he was known to entertain, which he had avowed in New Hampshire, which he had expressed by his action in vindication of the right of petition, and in which

he had every reason to suppose he would be sustained by his Democratic constituents at home. He accordingly moved a suspension of the rules in order to move to divide Texas into two parts, in one of which slavery should be forever prohibited ; but though his motion was carried by a majority, it failed for want of a two-thirds vote. This, and the scornful defeat of every movement looking to a division of Texas between freedom and slavery, showed only too clearly the animus of the whole scheme. In fact, if Texas, or any part of it, had been let in with a constitution prohibiting slavery, subsequent proceedings would have interested its advocates no more.

Mr. Hale then addressed to his constituents, "the Democratic Republican electors of New Hampshire," the famous letter dated July 7, 1845, in which he took ground against the Texas scheme, exposing its character in no measured terms, as purely in the interest of slave extension. He declared his unalterable opposition to the annexation by congress of a foreign nation for the avowed purpose of extending and perpetuating slavery. He stigmatized the reasons given by its advocates in its behalf as "eminently calculated to provoke the scorn of earth and the judgment of heaven," and thus appealed to the patriotic traditions of one of the most patriotic of the "old thirteen":—"When our forefathers bade a last farewell to the homes of their childhood, the graves of their fathers, and the temples of their God, and ventured upon all the desperate contingencies of wintry seas and a savage coast, that they might in strong faith and

ardent hope lay deep the foundations of the temple of liberty, their faith would have become scepticism, and their hope despair, could they have foreseen that the day would ever arrive when their degenerate sons should be found seeking to extend their boundaries and their government, not for the purpose of promoting freedom, but sustaining slavery." This letter for a moment gave pause to political movements in New Hampshire, but was very soon met by a storm of denunciation from the party leaders. The decree went forth that Mr. Hale was to be thrown overboard for his contumacy, and at a convention of the party called for the purpose February 12, 1845, his nomination was rescinded, his name struck from the ticket, and another substituted. But there was a public conscience that only needed to be aroused, and the letter had struck a chord that was only waiting to be touched by the hand of a master. Immediately there were signs of a revolt in the Democratic party against this despotic sway at the dictation of the slave power, and under the lead of Amos Tuck and John L. Hayes a small party styling themselves Independent Democrats rallied about the standard of Mr. Hale. This was the first meeting in a state where the party rule was absolute—which had been under Democratic control since 1829, and had given Mr. Polk 6,000 majority. Meanwhile, although faithful sentinels on the watch towers of freedom forewarned the North of the direful consequences of annexation, it was carried in the house by 134 to 77, showing the gains slavery had made, John P. Hale and Hannibal Hamlin alone among the North-

ern Democracy refusing to bow the knee at the party behest. Thus the administration of Mr. Tyler, not otherwise illustrious, was distinguished at last by the admission of Texas. The election came off March 11, 1845. Mr. Hale received about 8,000 votes, and the regular Democratic candidate lacked about 1,000 votes of an election. Mr. Hale had taken no very active part in it. He had not been hopeful of a successful resistance to the party despotism, and had made arrangements to retire from political life, and take up the practice of his profession in the city of New York. Many years afterward he said in the senate,—“When I went home from Washington at the close of the session in 1845, I had no more idea of being returned to congress than I had of succeeding to the vacant throne of China.” Moreover, in his letter to his constituents, he had rather incautiously said: “If you think differently from me on this subject, and should therefore deem it expedient to select another person to effectuate your purpose in congress, no person in the state will bow more submissively to your will than myself.” With a perhaps over-scrupulous sense of honor, he regarded this as a sort of pledge to leave the result with them without interference. But the result of the first trial convinced him that New Hampshire was not yet irrevocably mortgaged to the slave propaganda, nor wholly prepared to execute the edicts of party tyranny. His friends gathered around him, and demanded that he take the field in person. Their summons to him was the appeal of the Andalusian king to the ancient Douglas:

“Take thou the leading of the van,
And charge the Moors amain ;
There is not such a lance as thine
In all the hosts of Spain.”

Mr. Hale yielded to these importunities rather than to any ambitious views or hopes of his own. He assumed the leadership ; he canvassed the state ; he delivered speeches wherever he could get a hearing, to audiences large and small, in halls, in churches, in vestries, in school-rooms, in the open air, everywhere stirring and thrilling the people with his warm and glowing eloquence, and his impassioned appeals to duty and manliness. He was then in his full prime. His figure was noble and commanding—

“A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.”

His voice was resonant and flexible ; his countenance was one of striking manly beauty ; he had perfect command of words, and perfect command of his temper ; his self-control, his chivalrous courtesy, were superb ; his sincerity and loyalty to his convictions were manifest, and it required a crisis like this, the liberties of man hanging in the balance, to give full sweep to his unrivalled powers, his wit, his humor, his brilliant repartee, and bring into play all the resources of his large mind, his humane spirit, his liberty-loving heart. The circumstances had never had a parallel. Here was a man who was voluntarily putting to hazard the

highest hopes and brightest prospects—renouncing all by a sublime act of political abnegation and self-effacement—making way for liberty like Arnold Von Winkelreid charging the Austrian army; giving up a party whose ascendancy in his own state was so pronounced as to be beyond question, whose particular pride and pet he was, and by whose generous suffrages he had been set forward in a career of political advancement whose goal he might without unwarranted pretension easily see in the highest honor of the world. As far as human forecast could reach, this course opened to him no road to favor or patronage. As no man could be so visionary as to indulge a hope of breaking the spell of Democratic victory in New Hampshire, adherence to his party connection and obedience to party direction were unquestionably the readiest and only path to influence and promotion. Concurring with this was Mr. Hale's natural fondness for popular applause and for political life, his alleged ambition, and his growing popularity as an orator and statesman. But all were renounced. He hazarded wealth, power, political preferment, and held out no lure to his followers but the cold and hunger which Garibaldi promised to those who should strike with him for the deliverance of Italy. In his own words, he sat on no stool of repentance. He maintained the defiant attitude he had taken up, and defended his position before the people with imperturbable wit, with infinite good humor, and incomparable eloquence. In this extraordinary crusade of Mr. Hale there was a certain romantic knight-errantry, which, with the charm of his per-

sonality, his gallant and chivalrous bearing, his noble heart, his freedom from all vindictiveness as from every selfish ambition, captivated the imagination of the people, and made him an ideal popular hero. Brave men flocked to his standard, and gladly bared their own bosoms to the shafts of the pro-slavery hatred aimed at him. He was a popular idol, and made of political coadjutors devoted personal friends. They lived in his "mild and magnificent eye," and loved to follow wherever his white plume danced in the eddies of the fight. They were his disciples, and asked nothing better than the title of "Hale men," thus identifying themselves with this eloquent champion of liberty *sans peur et sans reproche*. I shall never forget how a noble old man once told me that in those days no night ever passed when he and his wife did not together send up their prayers that God would bless, and protect, and keep John P. Hale. And not alone were their aspirations wafted heavenward for his welfare ; but thousands in New Hampshire, and everywhere in America where human hearts were beginning to stir with new thoughts of freedom, sent up daily their petitions to the Most High to cover his head in battle, and shelter him under the shadow of His wing. The "Hale storm" of 1845 is the heroic and romantic episode of our political history, and veterans who lived in and have survived that time turn back to the period fondly as one when it was worth while to live. Thus the conflict went on through the summer days, and

"His was the voice that rang
In the fight like a bugle-call."

Perhaps its most striking incident was the celebrated meeting of Mr. Hale and Franklin Pierce at the Old North church in Concord on the 9th of June, 1845. The circumstances were suited to exhibit Mr. Hale's extraordinary powers, and they were displayed to the greatest advantage. During that week, the legislature commenced its session. A meeting of Independent Democrats, to be addressed by Mr. Hale, had been called, and there was an unusual assemblage of people in town in attendance upon various religious and benevolent anniversaries. The Democrats, apprehensive of the effect of such a speech upon an audience so intelligent and conscientious, resolved that he must be answered on the spot, and Franklin Pierce was selected as the only man at all fitted for such an encounter. The old church was crowded beyond its capacity. Mr. Hale spoke for two hours, making a calm, dignified, and effective vindication of his principles and conduct. Occasionally rudely interrupted, he never lost his temper, nor that splendid equanimity which availed him on so many occasions in debate. He rose to a surprising eloquence in denunciation of slavery, and at the end it was manifest that, whether they agreed with his conclusions or not, all were convinced that he had been actuated by pure motives and a high sense of public duty.

Mr. Pierce was himself a nervous, energetic, and brilliant orator; but, for the task set before him, he was handicapped by the inconsistencies of the Democratic record, and by Mr. Hale's glowing appeal to the nobler sentiments of humanity, lifting the plane of discussion entirely above its ordinary dead level.

He replied to Mr. Hale in a passionate and imperious, not to say insolent, manner, accusing him of ambitious motives, and defending, as he only could, the party in power for its efforts to extend the area of the republic by bringing the vast territory of Texas under its sway. The advantage in temper was very manifest, and when Mr. Hale had rejoined with a triumphant vindication of his own motives and purposes, he closed with this magnificent appeal: "I expected to be called ambitious; to have my name cast out as evil. I have not been disappointed. But, if things have come to this condition, that conscience and a sacred regard for truth and duty are to be publicly held up to ridicule, and scouted at without rebuke, as has just been done here, it matters little whether we are annexed to Texas or Texas is annexed to us. I may be permitted to say that the measure of my ambition will be full, if, when my earthly career shall be finished and my bones be laid beneath the soil of New Hampshire, when my wife and children shall repair to my grave to drop the tear of affection to my memory, they may read on my tombstone, 'He who lies beneath surrendered office, place, and power, rather than bow down and worship slavery.'" In the opinion of Mr. Hale's friends, his victory was indisputable. No debate in New Hampshire ever had such interest, and none results at all comparable with it in importance. Beyond doubt Mr. Pierce's effort that day made him president of the United States, and Mr. Hale's led to the triumph of his party, whereby he became the first anti-slavery senator and the recognized pioneer champion of the Free-Soil movement.

On the 23d of September, 1845, the third trial was held for representative in congress, resulting in a Democratic defeat by about the same vote as before, the Hale men holding the balance of power between them and the Whigs. November 29, 1845, a fourth trial left the Democrats in a still more decisive minority; and then the final struggle for mastery in the state was postponed to the annual election, March 10, 1846. During the winter, Mr. Hale canvassed the state again, everywhere the admired champion of a cause now manifestly advancing to certain triumph. The result was a complete overthrow of the party in power in New Hampshire, the Whigs and Independent Democrats together having both branches of the legislature, and a considerable majority of the popular vote, though there was no election of governor or congressman by the people. Mr. Hale was chosen a representative from Dover, and, by a coalition of Hale men and Whigs, was made speaker of the house. Mr. Colby, the Whig candidate, was elected governor, and, on the 9th of June, 1846, Mr. Hale was chosen United States senator for the full term of six years commencing March 4, 1847. Thus, upon an issue distinctly joined, the Democracy had been signally defeated, and the Gibraltar of the North had passed into the hands of the combined opposition. The first and strongest outwork had been carried in a square contest against the extension of a system which met the moral reprobation of the world, and the victory proclaimed that never again was New Hampshire to sit supinely by, to take the orders and register the edicts of slavery. The note of defi-

ance and of resistance to further slavery aggression rang out clear and strong from these New Hampshire hills, and was heard throughout America. No ear so dull that did not hear it; no brain so sluggish that did not comprehend it. As armies in mythologic story paused in mid-contest to watch the issue of a single combat, so in some sense the people of America turned to observe the outcome of this struggle; and Mr. Hale's success in New Hampshire in resistance to slavery, and to party subserviency and tyranny, was the first lightning gleam of victory lighting up the dark clouds that hung over the country. It was an encouragement and a challenge to other states and the friends of liberty elsewhere. An inspired singer and prophet of anti-slavery had watched the struggle with breathless interest from his home just across our border, and it called out from him that immortal tribute to New Hampshire, which will live with her fame and the name of John G. Whittier forever:

“God bless New Hampshire—from her granite peaks
Once more the voice of Stark and Langdon speaks.
The long bound vassal of the exulting South
For very shame her self-forged chain has broken,—
Torn the black seal of slavery from her mouth,
And in the clear tones of her old time spoken!
Oh, all undreamed of, all un hoped for changes!
The tyrant's ally proves his sternest foe;
To all his biddings, from her mountain ranges,
New Hampshire thunders an indignant No!
Who is it now despairs? Oh! faint of heart,
Look upward to those Northern mountains cold,
Flouted by Freedom's victor-flag unrolled,
And gather strength to bear a manlier part!
All is not lost. The Angel of God's blessing

Encamps with Freedom on the field of fight ;
Still to her banner, day by day, are pressing
Unlooked for allies, striking for the right !
Courage, then, Northern hearts !—Be firm, be true :
What one brave state hath done, can ye not also do ?”

Here were the first fruits of John P. Hale’s manly resistance to slavery in America. At first but a feeble protest, scarcely heard amid the hosannas of Northern servility to the slave power, it had swelled into a volume of indignant opposition, which had swept away the strongest muniments of oppression in the North. It gave courage everywhere for the great struggle just opening before this people. In the words of Cardinal Newman, “ We did but light a beacon fire on the summit of a lonely hill ; and anon we were amazed to find the firmament on every side red with the light of a responsive flame.”

And now, is there occasion for either hesitation or apology in making claim in behalf of John P. Hale for pioneership in the great Free-soil movement which finally overthrew slavery in the United States ? New Hampshire was the first battle-field of the new crusade, and John P. Hale commanded the vanguard. Aye, more, in his Texas letter he had formulated the issues upon which the fight was to be made and won, the identical postulates which were afterwards to be the principles of a great political party not yet born, under whose lead the war was to be fought and emancipation come to the country and the slave. The Hon. Amos Tuck, one of the earliest, ablest, and most faithful of the followers of Mr. Hale, at Downer Landing in 1878, met the claim of Massachusetts that the Republi-

can party was founded there in 1848, by showing that that party was anticipated in every one of its ideas by the Hale party in New Hampshire in 1845, and that John P. Hale won his election as the first anti-slavery senator, and sat in that body, alone, as such, for two years before a friendly senator came to join him, and two years before the date which Massachusetts claims for her patent. This claim for New Hampshire and for Mr. Hale is impregnable. Therefore I say that no man can precede Mr. Hale as the founder of the Republican party, and all that is implied thereby: and that whatever of merit may attach to such a sponsorship—and I know full well that many still regard it as a cause for condemnation rather than praise—that whatever of glory or shame there be in it, belongs to him more than to any other man. I must ask indulgence for the use of political terminology, which I employ because I find our resources of expression inadequate to convey any clear ideas without using the terms Democrat and Republican.

Mr. Hale took his seat in the senate, December 6, 1847, and for the first time American slavery was confronted in his person by the aroused moral sense of the American people. From his first dramatic appearance in that body this solitary representative of freedom was the object of the bitter hatred and disdain of the slave oligarchy. He entered a senate composed of thirty-two Democrats, twenty-one Whigs, and himself. Declining to be classified with either, he unfalteringly took up and held the position of an anti-slavery independent. He declined the obscurity to which both sides would

have relegated him, and for two years before he was joined by Chase in 1849, the anti-slavery movement centred around his striking personality, and he stood there alone, resisting at every step the aggressive measures of slavery, maintaining his ground with unsurpassed resources of wit and logic, eloquence and good humor. He entered resolutely into the public business and had to stand in the breach and contend single-handed with the entire senate, containing then not only the great triumvirate of oratory and statesmanship, but also many others of the highest distinction and ability. He met them face to face, and dealt sturdy blows for freedom in every emergency. His weapons were of that firm edge and fine temper that might be broken, but would not turn, in their impact upon the brazen front of oppression. Every means of silencing him was resorted to, threats, insults, sneers, ridicule, derision. He was treated with studied contempt by the South, and with cold neglect by the North. He was denied the common courtesy of a place on senatorial committees, being told publicly by a senator who was afterward expelled from the body for disloyalty, that he was considered outside of any healthy political organization in the country. But this discipline was lost on him. He had the moral courage which shrinks from no duty—that calm, firm, cool, inflexible, resolution which clinched its determination to go straightforward with Luther's exclamation, "I will repair thither though I should find there as many devils as there are tiles on the house tops. I cannot do otherwise, God helping me." It is not practicable to refer

minutely to the debates in which Mr. Hale mingled in the senate. In 1848, in the discussion upon the admission of Oregon, he proposed as an amendment the ordinance of 1787 excluding slavery, which gave rise to a fierce debate, in the course of which he was the subject of most personal and inflammatory denunciations. He defended himself with consummate ability, declaring his determination to press the prohibition of slavery according to his own judgment. Said he, "I am willing to place myself upon the great principle of human right, to stand where the word of God and my own conscience concur in placing me, and then bid defiance to all consequences." Early in April, 1848, upon resolutions of sympathy with the up-risings of the down-trodden nationalities of Europe, Mr. Hale spoke in the senate in a strain of sadness mingled with enthusiasm and a lofty hope for the disenthralment of all men, in America and Europe alike.

In a debate occasioned by certain mob demonstrations against the office of the *National Era* in Washington, Mr. Hale introduced a resolution copied from the laws of Maryland, providing for the reimbursement of persons whose property should be destroyed by riotous assemblages. This led to a controversy with Mr. Calhoun, in which the great Southerner forgot his usual urbanity and became violently personal, and ended his speech by saying, that he "would as soon argue with a maniac from Bedlam as with the senator from New Hampshire on this subject." Mr. Hale retorted by telling Mr. Calhoun that it was a novel mode of terminating a controversy by charitably throwing the mantle of a

maniac's irresponsibility upon one's antagonist. In this debate, Mr. Foote of Mississippi, after many insulting expressions, and denouncing Mr. Hale's bill as "obviously intended to cover and protect negro stealing," turned to Mr. Hale and said: "I invite him to visit the good state of Mississippi, in which I have the honor to reside, and will tell him beforehand in all honesty, that he could not go ten miles into the interior before he would grace one of the tallest trees of the forest with a rope around his neck, with the approbation of every virtuous and patriotic citizen; and that, if necessary, I should myself assist in the operation." Mr. Hale replied: "The senator invites me to visit the state of Mississippi, and kindly informs me that he would be one of those who would act the assassin, and put an end to my career * * * Well, in return for his hospitable invitation, I can only express the desire that he should penetrate into one of the 'dark corners' of New Hampshire, and, if he do, I am much mistaken if he would not find that the people in that 'benighted region' would be very happy to listen to his arguments, and engage in an intellectual conflict with him, in which the truth might be elicited." The ruffianism of the assault, and the nobleness of the reply, have consigned Senator Foote, though a brilliant and by no means a bad man, to the pillory of history, with a soubriquet given him by the public instinct which will last forever.

He opposed the whole system of measures pursued in prosecuting the war with Mexico, because, in the language of Mr. Webster himself, it was "an iniquitous war made in order to obtain, by conquest,

slave territory." In December, 1849, Mr. Hale again proposed to incorporate the ordinance of 1787 into Mr. Foote's resolution, declaring it to be the duty of congress to provide territorial governments for California, Deseret, and New Mexico.

At a later day the compromise measures of 1850, including the fugitive slave law, which he loathed and defied, were fought by him with all the weapons of his logic, wit, ridicule, and sarcasm, and with all his parliamentary resources. He occupied two days in an elaborate argument, vindicating the principles, measures, and acts of anti-slavery men.

This was, perhaps, the most powerful of his senatorial efforts. In it he grappled resolutely with the morality, the statesmanship, and the policy, of Mr. Webster's 7th of March speech, quoting his former declarations against himself, agreeing with Mr. Webster in 1848, but dissenting from him in 1850, and saying: "Yet the senator says he would not reenact the laws of God. Well, sir, I would. When he tells me that the law of God is against slavery, it is a most potent argument for our incorporating it with any territorial bill " He closed with an eloquent presentation of the principles and aims of the Free-Soil party, of which he was the foremost champion.

The abolition of flogging in the navy was a congenial field for the exertion of his humane spirit. In the senate he promptly renewed the efforts he had commenced in the house. In July, 1848, he moved to insert in the naval appropriation bill a clause abolishing the spirit ration and prohibiting corporal punishment in the navy. He addressed the senate

in its favor, but only four senators rose with him. In February, 1849, he again presented petitions, and made a strong speech, in which he depicted in glowing colors the brutality, degradation, and outrage of punishment with the cat-o'-nine-tails, but was voted down by 32 to 17. In September, 1850, he made a final impassioned appeal to the senate to stand no longer in the way of the abolition of flogging in the navy, and on the same day it was carried as a part of the appropriation bill by a vote of 26 to 24, and was concurred in by the house. Thus at last his efforts were crowned with success. It was a joyful day for the American navy and for humanity. It was one of the most gratifying incidents of his life when, two years after, he was received by Commodore Nicholson and crew on board the man-of-war *Germantown* in Boston harbor, who thanked him for his noble efforts in abolishing flogging in the United States navy, presented him with a medal, and manned the yards in his honor. It was not till twelve years after, however, that he secured the abolition of the spirit ration. His agency in these beneficent reforms is one of his chiefest titles to honor, and is most fittingly commemorated on the pedestal of this statue.

Thus upon every question that arose he sustained his part with a manliness, a courage, and a nobility of soul which extorted the admiration of foes as well as friends. To adapt the language of Junius, "The rays of Southern indignation collected upon him served only to illumine, they could not consume." The estimate placed upon his services and character was manifested by his unanimous nomination for

the presidency by the Liberty party at Buffalo in 1847. He magnanimously relinquished this candidacy, and submitted himself to the will of the later Free-Soil convention at Buffalo in 1848, thus making way for Mr. Van Buren, who was there nominated over him by a majority of 40 votes. Mr. Hale afterwards said that if he had had any idea that the Barnburners had in mind only to revenge Mr. Van Buren's wrongs upon Gen. Cass in 1848, he would have lost his right hand before he would have been a party to such a fraud. In August, 1852, the Free-Soil party at Pittsburg nominated Mr. Hale as its candidate for president, and under the banner of Free Soil, Free Speech, Free Labor, Free Men, No More Slave States, and *no* Slave Territories, he received at the election 155,850 votes.

His first term in the senate is the period of focal interest in Mr. Hale's career. He was the gallant leader of a forlorn hope. He was the *avant courier* of a new *régime*. In him were concentrated in germ all the forces of the new era. Every attempt to suppress him proved unavailing. He stubbornly contested every inch of ground. He stood up and battled unfalteringly for his principles against all threats, all intimidations, all allurements. And yet he steered clear of all the breakers and shoals in such a dangerous course. His tact and disposition alike kept him always within the proprieties of debate. The enemies who hated him watched in vain for some word, some purpose disloyal to the Union which they affected to champion, but were foiled by the absence of all vindictive feeling or speech, and by a marvellous moderation and self-restraint in

the face of provocation. Ignored, socially tabooed, insulted, he showed no resentment. Assailed rancorously on all sides, he replied with good-natured vehemence, but a never-failing courtesy. Occasionally, however, he carried the war into Africa, and transfixed the slave power with the keen arrows of satire and invective. He gave the giant wrong no rest and no quarter. He charged its defenders in front and flank and rear, and, returning again and again to the combat, while his assaults were redoubled, he at length secured a comparative immunity from personal attack. Thus his position lifted him into a grand and superb isolation; and now that we stand on the vantage ground which he won for us, we are able in some degree to enter into that high companionship, and into the elevation of spirit that sustained him in his self-appointed *role* of austere political solitude. As has been said of General Gordon "we know to-day that he alone was awake in a world of dreamers."

Thus for two years one great heroic figure was prominently before the eyes of America. Solitary and alone, he represented in the senate the dawning hope of freedom. But may we not be sure that he already heard behind him, in imagination, the on-coming hosts of the new era, closing their ranks and advancing to the last onset against slavery, which should sweep away the embattled phalanxes of oppression? Did he not have something of the fine instinct of that Scottish girl, who, laying her ear to the ground, exclaimed, with streaming eyes and transfigured face, "Dinna ye hear the slogan? It's the Campbells a comin'!" So, again, on

a larger battlefield than Lucknow, where greater issues hung in the balance, "the Campbells were a-comin'," and it was given to this inspired prophet of anti-slavery to cheer up the beleaguered garrison of freedom, to make one more struggle and hold out for the victory. The Campbells came—Chase and Seward and Sumner were their vanguard—a glorious reënforcement, and from that moment the forces of liberty were to grow and grow, till the exasperated enemy should compass its own destruction by raising its hand against that very Union whose sacredness had been for seventy years invoked in its defence.

One can but wish for a more elaborate treatment than is here permitted of Mr. Hale's senatorial labors, and to reproduce some of the many thrilling appeals and noble sentiments which broke from his lips in the great discussions of his first term. But the student of the history of that exciting period, and the lover of eloquence, will be repaid by the perusal of those great debates, and will rise from them with an enhanced appreciation of the splendid powers, no less than the grand earnestness and the priceless services to liberty, of John P. Hale.

At the expiration of his first term his opponents were in control of New Hampshire, and chose his successor. Mr. Hale then proceeded to carry out a long cherished design to practise his profession in the city of New York, but was recalled in 1855 to fill the senatorial vacancy occasioned by the death of Mr. Atherton. He served out that term, and was then reëlected for a full term commencing in 1859. During these ten years of senatorial ser-

vice his course was as straight as gravity. He stood undismayed and with unshaken constancy amid the surges of a fierce contention, and nothing deflected him for one moment from that line of conduct which he had marked out as the path of conscience and duty. In the long struggles of that momentous period Mr. Hale was found in the forefront of every debate where liberty was drawn in peril. His speeches on the various phases of the Kansas controversy, the Oregon question, the Dred Scott decision, on the constitutional status of slavery, on the province of the supreme court in the settlement of questions of law and political policy, on the homestead bill, on the nefarious attempt to seize Cuba—all questions antedating the war, are among the historical headlands of the epoch; and he was ever the same bold and fearless advocate of that policy which was at an early day to take control of the destinies of the United States.

Meantime, although Mr. Hale had gained a hearing for freedom in the United States senate, and the subject of slavery was now open for discussion everywhere, yet it is beyond denial that the institution had made a distinct advance in its aggressions upon the North, so far as public measures and its apparent hold upon public opinion were concerned. The decade from 1850 to 1860 was the aggressive decade of slavery. Up to that time a geographical barrier had stood against its advance beyond certain definite limits. But that was broken down by their success in securing the passage of the fugitive slave law by the aid of North-

ern votes, and in enforcing it in the streets of Boston, where the master *did* "with his slaves sit down at the foot of Bunker Hill monument," as Mr. Toombs had insolently boasted to Mr. Hale, although in defiance of the ominous ground-swell of liberty that shook the walls of Faneuil Hall,—by their victory in overthrowing the Missouri compromise, by the border-ruffian outrages in Kansas whereby a soil predestined to freedom was drenched with the blood of freemen, and by the Dred Scott decision. At the opening of that decade the Democratic party had already fallen into the deepest degradation and servility to slavery. The rabble of the cities, poisoned with race antipathies and the vanity and pride of power, had been played upon by the pliant demagogues of the North till they exhibited a sort of rabies at the mention of the subject of slavery. The Whig party, whose public utterances had been till this time full of sounding phrases protesting its fidelity to liberty, was rapidly and surely passing under the yoke. Cotton and trade, greed and conservatism, had done their work, had honeycombed that great organization, and left it only a thin and superficial veneering of anti-slavery sentiment. So determined was the North to stand by all the legal pretensions of slavery, that all hope of its removal in the Southern states, which idealists and ultra abolitionists were dreaming of, was now foreclosed. The only problem left was to prevent its extension. It could not be hoped to recede—how far should it advance? Indeed, the friends of freedom had confined their labors to the exclusion of slavery from

the territories, not venturing to assert their power over it even in the District of Columbia, where the clanking of the bondman's chains was to be heard till the nation should be shaken by the throes of the Civil War. The Free-Soilers never claimed any right to legislate against slavery in the Southern states. Within those limits it was safe; was entrenched behind the constitution, and might have remained undisturbed to this day, had they abided by that line. But the South was judicially blind, and made every advance a pretence for a new aggression, until every congress was the theatre of a conflict on the subject ever growing more and more intense.

Look at a partial catalogue of its excesses in this decade. In 1850 by the compromise measures congress renounced all authority over the internal slave trade, exempted California, New Mexico, and Utah from all restriction as to slavery, and enacted the fugitive slave law, throwing to the North the poor sop of abolishing the slave trade in the District of Columbia. The Missouri compromise was overthrown in 1854, and the territory north of 36 deg. 30 min., supposed to have been shielded from the possibility of contamination, thrown open to slavery. The climax of outrage upon the North was reached in the Dred Scott decision, whereby the highest judicial tribunal of the land delivered a judgment which overturned the law of the world that slavery was a merely local and municipal institution, and announced the doctrine that the constitution protected the slave-holder in his "property" wherever he might go. By this

decision, making slavery national and freedom sectional, slavery became the public law of the republic; and its unparalleled infamy justifies Mr. Hale's indignation when he said in 1864, "In my humble judgment if there was one single, palpable, obvious, duty that we owed to ourselves, owed to the country, owed to honesty, owed to God, when we came into power, it was to drive a plowshare from turret to foundation stone of the supreme court of the United States."

Slavery felt itself securé only so long as it could push itself into new fields; and therefore not only was the door to every territory thrown open, but a raid was organized upon Cuba, and a piratical jingoism held out a most tempting lure, even to cool Northern statesmen, who could but warm to the idea of a universal sway over the world's destinies. Sixty years before, the founders of the constitution were ashamed of slavery, and tried to hide it away under obscure phrases from history and the public opinion of the world. Now, ministers of the gospel unblushingly defended it. The presence of slavery had of course subjugated the Southern churches—and the North had largely followed suit under the stimulus of the commercial greed that occupied the pews. Mrs. Stowe's satire upon the clergy was warranted by the "South-side Views" so plentifully served up to us, and by the overworking of the texts in which Canaan was cursed, and Onesimus sent back by Paul to his master Philemon. Even Dr. Channing's society deserted him in the later years of his life on account of his anti-slavery views.

During this awful time, while the republic was writhing under its Nessus's shirt of slavery, goading and irritating it at every step of its painful progress, cowards and time-servers were lapping themselves in the comfortable assurance that slavery, being wrong, was a doomed institution—and in the conservative belief or the dastardly pretence that change was to come about solely by supernatural means, by slow spiritual influences proceeding from personal religion. And so we saw everywhere around us that spirit of concession, the lack of moral firmness, the recreancy to principle, the abject submission to Southern usurpations, which invited constant aggression. During this period freedom was indeed under a ban at Washington. Adulation of the slave oligarchy was the fashion. To be a Free-Soiler was to be excluded from the common courtesies and privileges of the capital. All cabinet positions, all public offices, all committees in the senate and house were held by pro-slavery men. An infamous code of morality, both national and international, prevailed. Mr. Buchanan boldly proclaimed in the Ostend manifesto that if Spain should refuse to sell Cuba to the United States, “then by every law, human and divine, we should be justified in wresting it from Spain, if we have the power.” In the raids upon Cuba and Central America, the ill-concealed designs against Mexico,—then disorganized, disintegrating, and liable at any moment to fall into our hands under one pretence or another,—and the scarcely veiled purpose to establish a great continental slave empire,—in all these the perfidy and rapacity of

the system, and its thirst for rapine and subjugation were fully displayed; and in these acts how vividly we now see, as if on a canvas painted by lightning, all the black features of the moral monster, which, in the war that followed, displayed the wild and frenzied ferocity, the desperate abandon of cruelty, which was seen in the reign of terror of the French regicides.

Never in our history, however, were all appearances so deceptive as in this terrible decade when slavery was holding high carnival in the great republic, when it dominated society, and had seized upon every attribute of power in the government. There are those here who knew Washington between 1850 and 1860. The star of slavery was at its zenith, and as it began to descend to its setting, it lit up the western horizon with unwonted brilliancy. One saw its characteristic pride, its patrician charm of manners, its stately elegance of forms and ceremonies. But these were only a meretricious gilt of hospitality and courtesy, shrouding the darkest designs that ever lurked in the heart of a dominant class. As the Count de Ségur said of France in the day of her approaching doom, "the old social edifice was undermined, although there was no slightest sign of its approaching fall."

There lay latent there the revolution, to be precipitated by its own madness indeed, but a revolution surcharged with the dormant energies of liberty,—revolution, which the Duc de Broglie calls "that delicate and dreadful right which slumbers at the feet of all human institutions, as their sad

and final safeguard." The slave oligarchy, like a man smitten with mortal disease but thinking himself in perfect health, was never fuller of arrogance, of fire, of the pride that goeth before a fall. Washington was full of such characters as only appear in a society on the brink of perishing,—its Masons and Slidells, its Davises and Footes, its Soules and Brookses, and Wigfalls. But let us thank God for the irrepressible instincts of every institution at war with the social order. Slavery was a Philistine that could not keep the peace. Conscious that it could only live by extending itself, it was ever aiming at new conquests. It overreached itself. Encroachment after encroachment, outrage upon outrage followed, till at length, under the faithful resistance of a few men, of whom John P. Hale was the pioneer, the question of slavery became flagrant and omnipresent. It met men at every turn in debate, in some form or other it mingled in every discussion of fact or principle, and finally became the sole issue to be tried on the battle-field of American politics. The delicate silence, the bated breath with which "the peculiar institution" had been regarded, gave way to the open discussions of congress, of the pulpit awakened to its high office, of the press, and of the hustings all over the land. Its supposed sacredness and immunity from criticism were things of the past. No longer was this gangrened sore, this leprous stain shielded from public gaze by the denial of the right of petition, of liberty of debate, or by a profound unconsciousness, or indifference, or the trembling fears of those who profited by a

political or commercial alliance with slave-holders—that mercantile class which Burke described as “snuffing with delight the cadaverous scent of lucre.”

Nor was the time without other hopeful signs. The wheat was getting sifted from the chaff. The Whig party became defunct in 1852, and the Democratic party, under its heavy load, was tottering to its fall. The Conscience Whigs were being differentiated from the Cotton Whigs, and Seward, Adams, and Palfrey, Sumner and Wilson, Allen and Dana, appeared, while Chase and Banks, Wilmot and Grow, Rantoul and Boutwell, answered back from the Democratic ranks, and took their places in the line that was being formed against slavery. And so, as the end of this decade approached, over which slavery was to plunge into a yawning abyss, the clouds that had been gathering on the horizon began to overspread and blacken the political sky. The air was overcharged with electricity. The day of retribution was at hand, and we stood in the vestibule of the rebellion. But when the sky darkened and the storm came on, such had been the charity, the forbearance, and the love for his whole country of the first anti-slavery senator, that he could with a perfect conscience say with the parliamentary General Waller, “The great God who is the searcher of my heart knows with what reluctance I go upon this service, and with what perfect hatred I look upon a war without an enemy.” He had stood, proclaiming the solemn warnings of history, for thirteen years in the United States senate. By

masterly argument, again and again had he demonstrated the departure of the country from the principles of the constitution and of the men who made it, and in burning eloquence shown that slavery was a barbarism and an anachronism. In vain were his appeals; but he, at least, had stood

“ Among innumerable false unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind
Though single. From amidst them forth he passed
Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustained
Superior, nor of violence feared aught;
And with retorted scorn his back he turned
On those proud towers to swift destruction doomed.”

I would not willingly offend even the shred of what was once conceived to be a party sentiment, by any word of indictment of American slavery, much less of the men, some of them honest and honored, who tried to save it in its fall. But if I rightly apprehend the present conditions of public opinion, the horror of it and the hostility to its extension and aggrandizement which guided the political course of Mr. Hale, are now become the sovereign and universal principle of men and nations. We have cast slavery aside into the outer limbo of things we would fain forget. We have flung it into the dark dungeon of loathsome things; the foul heap of discarded relics of barbarism and cruelty; the stakes, the racks, and thumb-screws; the Towers and Bastiles of the bloody past of humanity, and there are none to-day so poor as to do it reverence.

Political liberty is a development, and in reading history we mark the various stages of its evolution. The controversy of one generation becomes the settled doctrine of another, and the stone rejected of the builders becomes the head of the corner. I protest that I thresh over the old straw of controversy only because it is impossible to realize the stress of Mr. Hale's heroic warfare, and the significance of this memorial, without trying to understand, as the present generation can only faintly do, the nature of that institution which it was the business of his life to destroy. Ah! dear friends, how many fearless young men, then in the flower of their strength, are now sleeping beneath the sods of the battle-field! How many maimed and wounded! How many families still in mourning! How many mothers, wives, lovers, in tears that will not cease to flow! How many homes desolated never to be rebuilt! What a sad conflict between two sections of one great people! And what a price did the country pay for the peace it could have had for the asking by listening to the voice of warning and of conscience uttered for the first time in the senate by JOHN P. HALE!

During the war Mr. Hale stood unflinchingly by all those principles with which his name and fame were associated, and about which the battle raged for four long years. He bore a conspicuous part in all the debates of the senate during the great struggle,—in vindication of the principles and conduct of New England and New Hampshire, in denunciation of the fugitive slave law and efforts for its repeal, in defence of himself as counsel in

the fugitive slave cases in Boston, and in December, 1860, he made an eloquent appeal for the Union, which he loved with a devotion far deeper and warmer than that of those who had invoked its sacred authority in behalf of slavery for thirty years. As the contest progressed, and the black flag of slavery went down upon one after another of the bulwarks that had been erected for its defence in those sad years of its Quixotic blindness, he had the satisfaction of helping to wipe out the black code of the District of Columbia, and abolishing slavery itself there in 1862. Towards the close of his senatorial career he took a joyous part in the last mighty blows against the slave system, which blotted it out forever from our escutcheon—the emancipation of the slaves of rebels, the repeal of the fugitive slave law, and, finally, the adoption of the 13th amendment to the constitution, which prohibited slavery forever thereafter by the organic law of the land, amid the jubilations and fervent thanksgivings to God of the slave, and of every lover of liberty the world over.

We are apt perhaps to lose sight of Mr. Hale's great merits as a general legislator in the splendor of his services for liberty. But a study of the public records will disclose his vigorous attention to the general business which came before congress, in which he labored with a tireless activity, an omnipresent vigilance, and an inflexible persistency of purpose on every great question of administration as well as innumerable matters of detail. He participated in nearly every debate that took place in the senate, and was ever found the consistent advo-

cate of a well defined administrative policy. He was an old-fashioned economist. Like Fox, he might perhaps have boasted his ignorance of the "dismal science" of political economy; but of the economies and frugalities of the truly republican house-keeping of our early days he was an unswerving devotee. He was invariably for reform, for the reduction of expenses, the correction of abuses, the curtailment of extravagance, the lopping-off of superfluities and sinecures, of perquisites and excesses in official emoluments. He was against constructive charges and salaries, jobbery, and profligacy of every kind. He was against aggression and against spoliation; he was the implacable foe of monopolies, of unjust claims, of extortionate raids upon the treasury, of frauds and corruptions of every kind. He was the friend and champion of the laborer on the public works, the private soldier, and the common sailor. The *Congressional Globe* for twenty years is replete with his untiring efforts for the masses against the classes. He returned daily to the ever recurring struggle on these lines with a vigilance, a courage, a boldness, and fertility of resource admirable in the last degree, and in unchanging fidelity to these principles was never found wanting for sixteen years in the United States senate. Not the least of his titles to praise is found in the brave stand he took against the corruptions of the navy department, and his fearless independence in exposing maladministration in his own party, at a time when by so doing he subjected himself to the criticism of some friends, though he supported every step of Mr. Lincoln's administration

in putting down the Rebellion. His activity as a senator diffused itself over all the questions of his day:—the homestead law, internal improvements, foreign and domestic commerce, the tariff, the army and navy, education, the judiciary, patents, banks, appropriations, the civil lists, pensions, public lands, sub-treasury, printing, the census, the franking privilege,—these all felt his touch. The topics he discussed embraced the whole range of our foreign and domestic relations, our trade and administration in every variety of form. His views were always clear, practical, comprehensive. His logic, wit, and humor, his tenacious memory of legislative precedents, his old-fashioned frugalities, his apt illustrations, his parliamentary skill, which justified General Cass in calling him “a most adroit parliamentary tactician,”—all these were brought into full requisition in the general business of the sessions. He was not a man of one idea. He was an idealist indeed, but no idealist ever had a more stalwart common sense, or less of the visionary about him; and, though he was not always right, no public man ever took so decided a part on a great variety of subjects and made fewer mistakes. Despite his anomalous position as a senator, he accomplished many things in general legislation which entitle him to public gratitude, and was frustrated by the extravagant tendencies of his time in others which would have been still more beneficial to the country, had it been wise enough to follow his lead. He was the most typical Jeffersonian Democrat of his time. Mr. Hale was not much of a party man. He was not one of those,—

“Who born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.”

He was

“For a patriot too cool, for a drudge disobedient,
And too proud of the right to pursue the expedient.”

Political ties always sat loosely upon him. He used party connections to subserve purposes, and when he thought his duty lay in another direction he burst asunder the partisan leading-strings without compunction. He was neither a party leader nor a party follower. He was not pliant; his mind was simple and direct; he wanted policy, and was no more tolerant of wrong in his own party than in any other. Hated by the enemies of liberty on the one hand, he was assailed by zealots of freedom on the other for his conciliatory temper, his freedom from political acerbity, and his refusal to endorse projects of disunion or any other extravagances. A sound discretion, and even a wise conservatism governed him. He loved to travel *super antiquas vias*, and the precedents of Anglo-Saxon freedom were the guiding stars of his political life. Unwilling to go all length, and too independent to submit to dictation, he represented no party, no group even,—he was no exponent of others; he was a type of himself. Without affecting airs of independence, he was the most truly independent man in America. Those of us who loved him and would stand guard over his fame, are not pained to hear, as we sometimes do, that he knew how to behave in the minority much better than in the majority.

Mr. Hale's general political views were broad and well defined and coördinated, and gave unity of

purpose to his political life. His creed at bottom was embodied by Burke in his definition of the principles of true politics as "those of morality enlarged," or, in other words, that in politics "nothing is right that is not *right*, just that is not *just*." He had none of that revolutionary spirit which rudely breaks with all the traditions of the past. If there were contradictions in our institutions, he was content to tolerate them till the general conscience and intelligence should be awakened to such anomalies, and make those institutions homogeneous. He was no innovator or fanatic. He stood by the fabric of the constitution, and the Union he revered with a fervor not surpassed even by Webster himself. In this respect, in his willingness, often expressed, even to abide by and carry out fairly, honestly, and in good faith what were termed the compromises of the constitution, he differed *toto coelo* from Garrison, Phillips, and others of the abolitionists. Let us do justice to those from whom Mr. Hale differed in this respect. Such was their view of the pro-slavery clauses of the constitution that they indignantly spurned them, and fled for refuge to that "higher law" which Mr. Webster in derision said "soared an eagle's flight above the tops of the Alleghanies." They dealt only with the abstract question of right, claimed a discharge of conscience from all complicity with slavery, and demanded an immediate and unconditional manumission.

It is still an unsettled question whether the efforts of statesmen like Mr. Hale were hampered by impracticable theories of doctrinaires who renounced political action as implying allegiance to a constitu-

tion which recognized and sanctioned slavery. Many regarded these scruples as puerile, and a hindrance to the progress of the cause within constitutional and legal lines. There was, however, but little danger to liberty from those who refused to obey the fugitive slave law. History is full of proofs that a disobedience of the statutes of men may imply a higher and deeper reverence for the laws of God. Admitting the danger of leaving citizens, each for himself, to judge of the law and their obligation to obey it, yet those who are so tremblingly afraid of stranding the ship of state on this Scylla, should remember the awful dangers of the Charybdis on the other side, and that no government worthy to live was ever wrecked by those who obeyed the behests of conscience.

We are not here to-day to cast a doubt upon those men who formed the American Anti-Slavery society, which Mr. Frederick Douglass calls "the most efficient generator of anti-slavery sentiment in the country," and whose heroism has given them an enduring place in history. But, whether it be to his credit or discredit, it is certainly true that Mr. Hale had little or no sympathy with extremists; made no assaults upon church or state; stood aloof from all schemes of disunion, and discountenanced every thought of disloyalty. This was not his line of thinking or of action; he proposed to act politically *in* the Union, by circumscribing slavery and pressing it to death by a cordon of free states. Mr. Hale took the ground that the constitution was essentially an anti-slavery document. The Buffalo convention of 1848 admitted that slavery in the

states was protected by the constitution, and the Free-Soil party had no intention to attack it where it existed under the sanction of law. The Free-Soil convention at Pittsburg in 1852 neither raised nor lowered the standard; and its lineal successor, the Republican party, did not at all grapple with emancipation in the states,—not even in the District of Columbia,—its whole policy looked simply to its circumscription. But the event shows how urgent and how indispensable was the need of a Free-Soil party. That want Mr. Hale and others supplied, no doubt holding, in solution at least, the faith which Mr. Lincoln afterwards so tersely formulated in the memorable words: “If a house be divided against itself it cannot stand. I believe this government cannot permanently endure half slave and half free.” They had found the heel of Achilles; they had divined the weakness of slavery, and the essential conditions of its progress and immunity. Then only the great problem approached its solution when “no more slavery extension” became the watchword of a distinct political organization, drawing to itself more and more the humane sympathies and the generous ardor of the world.

I have said that Mr. Hale stood by the constitution. So thoroughly loyal, indeed, was he to that instrument, that amid the thunder and agony of the Rebellion, he parted company with his political friends on the confiscation bill, which he opposed because it was not in accordance with the constitution. Said he: “I want constitutional liberty left to us when the war is over. Constitutional liberty is the great boon for which we are striving, and we

must see to it that, in our zeal to put down the Rebellion, we do not trample on that; and, that when the war is over, and our streamers float in the air, in that breeze also may still float the old flag, and over this regenerated country may still sway a sacred and unviolated constitution, in the faithful maintenance of which in the hour of our peril and our trial we have not faltered."

But he was no priest of the constitution. His divinations were at another shrine, even that of liberty. We have had such a priest. He stands there, [pointing to Mr. Webster's statue] overlooking us with his awful solemnity, his brow of Jove, and all the majesty of his god-like presence to-day.

But with Mr. Hale the constitution was no fetish. He loved it for what it was, and as he understood it. He could reverence it only for what it meant; and, if shown that it meant the perpetual domination of one race or class and the bondage of another, he would have looked upon it as the *Liberator* proclaimed it in 1844, as "a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell." If it meant that, John P. Hale could no more have obeyed and endured it than could Pym or Hampden the star chamber, the collection of ship money, or the exactions of arbitrary prerogative, or Samuel Adams the enforcement of the stamp act, Luther the sale of indulgences, or Mirabeau the perpetual dominance of the Bourbons. His was a higher and nobler interpretation of the organic law of our fathers; and, claiming shelter under its broad ægis, he stood forth in defiance of the delusion of his time to assert the essential brotherhood of man, and his right to the

liberties formulated in the Declaration of Independence. In other days, a century or two before, this intrepid stand in the face of power would have subjected him to a glorious imprisonment or to the block. But truth was already emancipated from the grosser forms of tyranny. Who can doubt that even if the old means of extirpating freedom of thought had still existed, John P. Hale would have taken his life in his hand, and proclaimed unfalteringly the faith that was in him, like John Pym, who, in the crisis of English liberty cried that he "would much rather suffer for speaking the truth than that the truth should suffer for want of his speaking."

Those are rightly accounted great who blaze out new pathways for the race. Says Froude, "Those whom the world agrees to call great, are those who have done or produced something of permanent value to humanity." Do any of our American statesmen better answer this requirement? In a great crisis his was the initiative. He grappled single-handed and alone with the greatest problem and the highest duty of his time. Slavery lay like a night-mare upon the republic, weakening, poisoning, degrading it, arresting its development, stifling its liberty. And who, we may well ask, aroused it from its torpor, from the body of its death? Who so emphatically as he gave the word for the resurrection of the true national spirit? It was he, indeed, who impressed the heart and brain of his generation, who pronounced the right word at the right moment, and uttered it in accents that burned it into the imaginations and feelings of millions. When

other men called great were dallying and compromising, and striking hands with an evil with which there should have been no truce and no terms, he assailed it in its stronghold, and carried its strongest outwork. He first attuned the voice of a state to the rhythm of liberty, and from his lips first sounded the high note of freedom in the United States senate. And in that great body, where mediocrity cannot for any length of time seize the palm of excellence, where no pretence can escape detection or weakness pass for strength, he maintained his position triumphantly against all assailants for sixteen years. He mingled in all the contentions of the most tempestuous period of our history; one after another he broke lances with all the great actors on the national scene and was never discomfited. He has left in the public records a body of utterances worthy of the study of after-times, made under every variety of circumstances, under insult and contumely, under taunt and provocation; yet nowhere, on his part, is there any recrimination, any appeal to passion, to unworthy prejudice, to unmanly feeling; but everywhere and throughout a genuine sincerity, a noble philanthropy, a sublime enthusiasm for humanity, and an unswerving faith in its ultimate destiny. You shall find in all his impassioned appeals not one doubt cast upon the reality of human progress, or the eventual triumph of those principles which had asserted their control of his political life.

From a recent review of this whole series of speeches and votes in and out of the national arena, I am impressed with the conviction that there is no

more honorable and conspicuous record in American public life. It is a record marked by a high ethical tone, by conscientious conviction, by fidelity to truth, by a standard of public duty modelled upon the best traditions of Anglo-Saxon freedom, and by maxims drawn from a wide study and clear reading of the history of human liberty and progress in all ages. I go further. He was the man for his time and mission. He had a message for his generation, and, as much as any man ever was in political annals, was providentially sent and equipped for the great tournament in which he played his part. And I add the further belief that no intelligent, reflective, and unprejudiced mind, conversant personally with the events of that time, can rise from the study of his public efforts and the story of his life, without the conviction that no other public man in America was equal to what he did,—that none had the peculiar qualities in so high a degree to fill the great post to which he was called as the first anti-slavery senator.

Engaged in the work of statesmanship, which largely diverted him from the studies and practice of his profession, Mr. Hale was still a most distinguished lawyer. He occasionally appeared in the courts of New Hampshire throughout his career; and there was no time after 1840 when his services were not sought in cases of the highest importance, and when he was not esteemed to hold a place as an advocate in the front rank of the profession. In 1851 he was engaged as senior counsel, with such lawyers as Dana and Ellis, in the argument of the slave rescue cases in Boston. In his recent book Mr. Dana speaks of him as having argued the case

of Lewis Hayden nobly and with passages of great eloquence. It was in this case, in the defence of the rescuers of Shadrach, that occurred that wonderful burst of eloquence:

“John Debree claims that he owns Shadrach. Owns what? Owns a man! Suppose, gentlemen, John Debree should claim an exclusive right to the sunshine, the moon, or the stars! Would you sanction the claim by your verdict? And yet, gentlemen, the stars shall fall from heaven, the moon shall grow old and decay, the sun shall fail to give its light, the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll, but the soul of the despised and hunted Shadrach shall live on with the life of God himself! I wonder if John Debree will claim that he owns him then!”

In one of his letters Mr. Sumner said that Mr. Hale had said many things better than any of the rest had been able to say them, and referred to this speech particularly as one that had been reported to him as worthy of Curran or Erskine.

Still later he was leading counsel in the defence of Theodore Parker, who stood indicted for obstructing the fugitive slave law process in the case of Anthony Burns. The trial came on in April, 1855, and attracted universal interest. The indictment was quashed by the court upon the argument of Mr. Hale's associates, and so odious was the prosecution that the representatives of the government were only too eager to hide themselves from public scorn by entering a *nolle prosequi* in all other cases.

But Mr. Parker afterward published a noble defence, which he dedicated “to John Parker Hale

and Charles Mayo Ellis, Magnanimous Lawyers, for their labors in a noble profession," and speaks of them as "generous advocates of humanity, equaling the glories of Holt and Erskine, of Mackintosh and Romilly, in their eloquent and fearless defence of truth, right, and love."

In this "Defence" Mr. Parker also refers to Mr. Hale as "the noble advocate of justice and defender of humanity," and as "renewing the virtuous glories of his illustrious namesake, Sir Matthew Hale,"—and, again, of "the masterly eloquence which broke out from the great human heart of my friend, Mr. Hale, and rolled like the Mississippi in its width, its depth, its beauty, and its continuous and unconquerable strength."

To those who knew Mr. Parker, himself an orator, philanthropist, and one of the grandest characters of his age, such tributes to Mr. Hale's genius are an offering of no small value, and not without a deep significance.

The earliest efforts of Mr. Hale announced him an orator of unusual force and power. Even before practice had given him a national reputation, he was endowed highly with the gift of persuasion and a captivating charm of manner. He possessed in an uncommon degree many of the external advantages of a popular speaker,—an imposing person, a countenance of extraordinary manly beauty and nobleness, a well modulated and resonant voice, a prompt command of words, a perfect command of his temper. His language was fluent; his manner, easy, confident, unaffected; his delivery, impressive; his self-possession, perfect. His eloquence was

spontaneous, rather than the fruit of patient labor. It yielded to no rules of art; it was clogged and encumbered by no useless impedimenta of learning or philosophy; but it came like a fountain bursting from the earth; it was the warm effluence of a sympathetic heart, a fervid soul, a deep humanity, finding utterance on the tongue, inspiring every accent, and informing every feature.

In the presentation of a cause to a popular audience he was wellnigh irresistible. His clear and copious diction, his imperturbable good nature, his fairness and generosity, his apt stories, his manifest sincerity and disinterestedness cleared all obstacles from his path and gave him a power before great popular assemblies in which he had but few rivals. Traditions still live of his triumphs as a popular orator before great masses of people under the open sky, which alone seemed to give room for the full play of his faculties, as it did to O'Connell, as well as those forensic contests where verdicts were charmed away from the leaders of the bar by the sorceries of his eloquent tongue.

He was the most natural of orators. His best efforts were short, impassioned improvisations, apparently without study or forethought. He did not torment invention for words. He affected no theatrical attitudes, and was little solicitous for either diction or manner, but was content to grasp strongly, and present forcibly and earnestly, the substance of his argument, and always with a definite purpose in view.

His speeches underwent no revision. He never cared to give them the last polish of his pen.

They were dashed off with a careless and negligent ease, and were extemporary in the sense of having never been composed in set phrase, or laboriously fashioned into periods. He scattered these gems of speech like a king whose resources were as capricious as inexhaustible. He was thoughtless of their fate, and now they have to be laboriously hunted out from the columns of the *Congressional Globe*, or of fugitive newspapers. But they will repay the search. If they are not marked by literary finish, they are instinct with fervent earnestness and impetuosity. Everything was done by him without apparent exertion. His efforts seemed to flow from an exuberant fountain, and bore no marks of labor or tension of mind.

Without any pretensions to profound learning, Mr. Hale had those immediate intellectual resources that give readiness in debate. To the very marked combination of parliamentary talents already named, he added a prodigious memory, holding his facts firmly in hand, and drawn up ready for instant mobilization. It would be a mistake to suppose him lacking in mental power; he was never wanting, when occasion demanded, to the logical support of his positions. Although he was never very patient of laborious research, nor inclined to

“Scorn delights and live laborious days,”

yet his constitutional learning, especially in all those departments requisite to the defence of personal liberty, was ample; but what is better, the learning he had was aglow with vitality, always at the com-

mand of a tenacious memory, and warmed by his eager blood and intellectual vehemence. If any doubt his great ability, even when stripped of the glamour of oratory, let him carefully read his speeches on the constitutional status of slavery, the Dred Scott decision, the supreme court, and the repeal of the fugitive slave law. He sustained himself with ease in the senate in competition with the giants of debate, and did all with such good nature as to provoke no hatred or personal violence. He went in and out unarmed amid the murderous assassins of slavery, holding aloft the banner of freedom, "still full high advanced," till Chase and Sumner, Seward and Wade came and interlocked their shields with his, and the invincible phalanx of Liberty was never broken.

I am at a loss to compare John P. Hale with any other orator. In the spontaneous and easy play of extraordinary natural powers he was not unlike Fox, the great English orator and statesman. Nor was he unlike that greatest debater that ever lived in the vehement rush and torrent of his declamation; and hearing him sometimes, when he rose almost above competition in bursts of indescribable power, we seemed to realize Porson's meaning when he said,—“Mr. Pitt conceives his sentences before he utters them. Mr. Fox throws himself into the middle of his and leaves it to God Almighty to get him out again.” So it was with Mr. Hale. He soared to the most adventurous heights of eloquence; but, when you were trembling for his fall, he always came safely to earth again from the most daring flight, and alighted on his feet, the orator of

common sense, of shrewd mother-wit, of homely and commonplace illustration, as well as the emotional, kindling orator of enthusiasm, his heart on fire, and his lips touched with a divine flame.

But, after all, there is in every great orator a something indescribable, a something peculiar to himself, which differentiates him from all others. Mr. Hale imitated no one, and was himself inimitable, though he had studied the great orators of antiquity, and had kindled his torch at the altar of Chatham and Burke, Fox and Erskine. His spontaneous style, not formed by extensive reading, and able to dispense with a critical literary knowledge, was not like that of Burke or Gladstone, but resembled more the splendid oratory of John Bright, an instrument capable of sounding all the depths of passionate emotion, of touching the deepest chords of human feeling, and of lighting up the sentiments of freedom with unspeakable pathos and splendor.

But if, as all its true devotees do, we ascribe to eloquence a heavenly origin, and give it that office which so wins our hearts, if we say that no man is ever a true orator without being the spokesman of some great cause, that God touches no man's lips with that celestial fire without intending thereby to burn up some giant wrong, how nobly does Mr. Hale fill the character! Who, in this sense, among all our historic Americans, was truer to his divine appointment than he?

Mr. Hale was unique in this, that much of his effectiveness as a speaker was due to his overflowing wit and humor. His quick perceptions, genial temperament, and acute sense of the

ludicrous made him a natural humorist. In reparation he was incomparable, and his apt and homely illustrative stories enlivened the United States senate for sixteen years. An ardent admirer of Mr. Hale most happily says,—“The jests which lightened his public addresses were not, however, without their disadvantages. They sometimes gave an impression of levity which formed no part of his character. As there is in art an ignoble and a noble grotesque, and in poetry a sardonic and a just yet not malignant satire, so there is in oratory a humor which degrades and another which attracts to uplift the hearer. This was the humor of our orator; like the wit of Lincoln, it was always serious in its application, an instrument for noble appeal or impressive illustration, a foil for grave discourse or earnest invocation.”

It would be pleasant to recall some of those sayings of his which so illustrated his good nature and broad catholicity of spirit, while they drove home some truth as no other means could. For instance, he compared statesmen who were afraid to oppose the Mexican War to the Western man who said he “got caught by opposing the last war, and he didn’t mean to get caught again; he intended now to go for war, pestilence, and famine.”

Speaking of President Polk’s back-down in the Oregon treaty, he said, “The president exhibited a Christian meekness in the full scriptural degree; but he did n’t inherit the *blessing* of the meek—he did n’t get the land.”

He said,—“As to whether the Missouri com-

promise had, as claimed, given peace to the country, he did n't know how that might be, but he knew that it gave peace to the politicians who voted for it. It sent them down to their political graves, where they have rested in peace ever since. It settled them, if it did n't settle the country."

Senator Westcott called him to order, but informed him that he meant nothing personal. Mr. Hale said, "I am exceedingly obliged to the senator for his explanation. The question of order has been raised but twice since I have had the honor of a seat in the senate, and each time it was raised by the senator from Florida upon the senator from New Hampshire. That satisfies me that there is nothing personal about the matter."

Mr. Clemens, in a violent speech, asserted that the Union was already dissolved. Mr. Hale good-humoredly replied that it would be very comforting to many timid people to find that the dissolution of the Union had taken place and they did n't know it. "Once in my life," said he, "in the capacity of a justice of the peace, I was called on to officiate in uniting a couple in the bonds of matrimony. I asked the man if he would take the woman to be his wedded wife. He replied, 'To be sure; I came here to do that very thing.' I then put the question to the woman,—whether she would have the man for her husband, and, when she answered in the affirmative, I told them that they were husband and wife. She looked up with apparent astonishment, and inquired, 'Is that all?' 'Yes,' said I, 'that is all.' 'Well,' said she, 'it isn't such a

mighty affair as I expected it to be, after all.' If this Union is already dissolved, it has produced less commotion in the act than I expected."

In reply to Mr. Calhoun's complaint that the Missouri compromise had disturbed the equilibrium of the country, he said that it had disturbed no equilibrium but that of the Northern representatives who voted for it; that it threw them entirely off their equilibrium, which they had n't regained yet, and never would.

General Cass, in December, 1856, hoped God, in His mercy, would interpose in this slavery question before it was too late. Mr. Hale interjected, "He came pretty near it in the last election," whereupon General Cass was greatly shocked at the levity of so referring to the Supreme Being.

Garrett Davis introduced a resolution that "No negro, or person whose mother or grandmother was a negro, should be a citizen of the United States." Mr. Hale said, if in order, he would like to amend by putting in his great-grandmother also. Of course Mr. Davis was highly indignant at such buffoonery on a sacred subject.

The records are full of such pleasantries as these, which had a cutting edge of truth, but contributed not a little to allay the irritation and soften the asperities of debate. But Mr. Hale never indulged in personalities. He was a gentleman from the heart out. There was no bitterness in his jests. He threw no poisoned arrows. He struck without hatred or malignity, and his blows left no ranklings and no immedicable wounds behind.

“His wit in the combat, as gentle as bright,
Ne'er carried a heart stain away on its blade.”

Consequently, when he retired from the senate, he had as warm friends south as north of the line, and among them was one who had learned to hold him in a high personal esteem, the learned and eloquent Henry S. Foote, of Mississippi.

But little remains to be added to the record of Mr. Hale's public life. In March, 1865, he was appointed, by Mr. Lincoln, minister to Spain. This was a service suited neither to his temper, his taste, nor his capacity. He had cultivated no drawing-room arts; he knew nothing of the assiduities of ante-chambers; he was incapable of intrigue or flattery; he was as free from servility as from arrogance; he had not merely a speculative liking for, but he was a practical exemplification of, democratic principles. The oratorical temperament, which he possessed in so high a degree, harmonizes not with the cunning or even the unsleeping and tireless discretion of diplomacy, whose methods were foreign to the guileless frankness of that noble nature.

In the heat of the hour, when Mr. Hale broke from allegiance to his party, and espoused the cause of the slave, he was the object of ungenerous imputations and even rancorous abuse. But party feelings seldom survive the generation they control, and the little hatred that had been mingled with these accusations had been outlived. But,

“Be thou as chaste as ice, and pure as snow,
Thou shalt not escape calumny.”

In his new position abroad, his ignorance of the language of the country, and the amiability of his character, involved him temporarily in the toils of an adventurer. He had what some one has called "a want of clear sharp-sightedness as to others," and was exposed constantly to the arts of schemers and self-seekers. The mistakes of his life, which subjected him to unfounded aspersions, all arose out of his ingenuous and generous trust in others who were unworthy of his confidence. He became for a brief moment the victim of the calumnies of an unworthy subordinate, who had compromised him, as he had attempted the ruin of his predecessors in the same way,—one of those Jesuitical reptiles that infest the diplomatic purlieus of Europe, and wriggle in and out of the ante-chambers of royalty. For a time, as Burke said, "the hunt of obloquy pursued him with full cry." The shafts fell really harmless at his feet, but the injustice done him temporarily by some venomous newspapers embittered his own last days, and clouds the memory of his friends.

I disdain to enter upon the vindication of the integrity of a man who was careless, generous, of simple habits, who neglected his own interests, was indifferent to money, and who with abundant opportunities to enrich himself, had he been base enough to use them, neither made nor spent, nor left a fortune,—the man who was content to tread a thorny road; whose life was one of plain living and high thinking for himself and his family; whose face, one of the noblest I have ever looked upon, was itself a refutation of calumny; whose heart was as open as

the day; and whose integrity, shining like a star in the dark night of our country's trial, was "the immediate jewel of his soul."

But I rest his exoneration not there—not upon such moral certainties as triumphantly satisfy his friends: but his defence, if defence were needed, may be rested upon legal proofs that will convince any court or jury of his absolute innocence. I have examined the whole case, and others of more authority than I, and I aver that the evidence against John P. Hale of any conscious dereliction of duty, anywhere, or at any time, is lighter and more unsubstantial than the summer zephyrs that float among these tree-tops over our heads; and that, according to all the canons of evidence in such inquiries, in that blameless life, public and private, there was nothing in the face of which he might not hold his head erect before the bar of God!

His career was drawing to a close. He remained abroad five years, the last being spent with his family in travel on the continent, and in the vain hope of recruiting his shattered energies. His health, never good since the National Hotel sickness in 1857, of which he was a victim, had now become seriously impaired, and he came home in 1870 with a broken constitution. He was welcomed on his return with formal receptions by his neighbors at home and by the legislature, of which a conqueror might have been proud. He lingered with us for three years afterwards, but with strength gone past recovery, and one ill following another made his last days painful ones. As one of his eulogists

grandly said, "He was like a war-frigate which lies in port in peaceful times, its mighty armament and its scarred bulwarks only suggestive of stormy days when its ports were up, and its great guns dealt havoc upon the foe."

At length, on the 19th of November, 1873, the worn-out gladiator of freedom "fell on sleep," and joined the great company of his co-workers in all ages—the servant of God passed to "where beyond these voices there is peace."

I have spoken mainly of the public life of Mr. Hale. But to his friends there seems something lacking in the sketch of a man so much loved and admired, without analyzing his character a little more closely, and drawing a portrait of somewhat warmer coloring, as befits his noble nature. Sometimes a nearer view of public men diminishes the admiration and reverence we feel at a distance. Not so with Mr. Hale. His dearest place was in the hearts of his friends. Those who knew him in his domestic privacy, or where the statesman was sunk in the social intercourse of friendship, most unreservedly loved him, and speak in fullest admiration of his virtues and his genius. His morals were pure without austerity, and his life exemplary by its observance of every detail of duty, whether it involved the active exertion of influence for good, or abstinence from everything evil and not of good report. He was exempt from social and personal vices. In 1852 he said in the senate, "I have not tasted a drop of spirits for twenty years," and he never afterwards departed from that principle.

In religion he was a liberal. He was averse to external ceremonies, and his love of personal independence made him jealous of every kind of ecclesiasticism. His religion was a matter between himself and his God. As Burnet said of Sydney, "He was a Christian, but a Christian in his own way." Let none doubt for a moment, however, the essential reverence of spirit of this free-thinking soul. If ever man had the Unseen but Indwelling Presence, if ever man was governed by those great invisible moral sanctions that we are wont to call the laws of God, if ever man had the faith which connected him with powers above him, but which he felt working through him, it was John P. Hale. Sweetness, and light, and love, were indeed his creed and his practice. He went forth to the duties of life "as ever in his great Taskmaster's eye,"—

“ He went in the strength of dependence
To tread where his Master trod,
To gather and knit together
The family of God;
With a conscience freed from burdens,
And a heart set free from care,
To minister to every one,
Always and everywhere.”

Endowed with noble gifts, Mr. Hale had what was greater, an aggressively noble character. He never cringed to power. He never sold himself for a vulgar or temporary applause. He was never false to his convictions; and he always *had* convictions. He didn't crawl and sneak through the world—he never lapped himself in that comfortable indifference to the moral law which is the devil's

easy chair in which he hypnotizes the human conscience for a base acquiescence in wrong and iniquity.

His principles were rooted in his character, and had an organic growth,—and he lived as if he had taken holy orders in their service. He was essentially a reformer, and had the courage to stand alone, which is the first requisite of leadership in a great cause. The blandishments of power had no attractions, and no terrors for him. He might have sat at the right hand of the throne, but disdainfully rejected the temptation, and held fast to his principles and his integrity. He perilled his political career to resist the further advance of slavery. His courage was superb; he never quailed before the face of man. He would have been equal to martyrdom, and would have gone to the block saying with Sydney, “Grant that I may die glorifying Thee that at the last Thou hast permitted me to be singled out as a witness of Thy truth, and, even by the confession of my opposers, for that old cause in which I was from my youth engaged.”

To him the service of liberty was neither prosaic nor perfunctory. It gave zest to his life. A strain of high devotion runs like a nerve of fire through all his public efforts. He had deeply pondered upon Sir Henry Vane, Algernon Sydney, Pym and Hampden, Bradshaw and Henry Martin, and the great judges who had stood for the liberty of the subject against kingly prerogative; and no man was more deeply imbued with free principles—not the loose and unsandalled vagaries of the French

Revolution, not the wild passions of communism or *sans cullottism*, but the fundamental maxims which had found expression in Magna Charta, the petition of right, the execution of Charles Stuart, the deposition of James, and the bringing over of the Prince of Orange, the writ of habeas corpus, and the trial by jury, the great landmarks and muniments of English liberty, guarded and regulated by law. These were his ideals, the stern leaders of political thought and action in the days of the Commonwealth and of antiquity.

He surpassed all the men I have known in love of Nature in all her varying scenes and moods. His soul was open to every divine influence. He was the friend and familiar of birds and flowers, mountains, trees, and streams. Never was there a more enraptured lover of natural scenery; none who from the hilltops more lovingly drank in the clouds and the landscapes, the song of the streamlet, the kindling star, the full glory of the noontide sun. What a reverent observer and worshipper of nature he was! His eye kindled and his bosom swelled as he beheld the pillars of the forest, the arches of the sky, the gray cliffs and shadowy cones of the mountains, and listened to the roll of the unresting and unsearchable sea. Every spot about his home was familiar ground to him, and his friends, one by one, under his lead, had to climb to the top of every mountain and hill within its horizon. He loved New Hampshire, and every hour he was absent from it in the public service his heart was still "in the highlands." His familiarity with natural, local, and family history gave an

uncommon charm to his easy conversational powers, and made his companionship delightful.

How can those who lived on terms of intimacy with Mr. Hale convey to others any adequate impression of the attractive human traits that shone out in his daily intercourse? Those who knew him in his prime, and before sickness had rusted the Damascus blade, dearly remember his easy accessibility, his hospitable mind, his apposite stories, and his rich fund of wit and anecdote. He was not simply loftily interested in mankind, but his heart went out to every man, woman, and child in the concrete. How well his townsmen knew this, and how heartily they loved and admired him for his unaffected interest in their personal welfare, their health, their children, their business, their pleasures, their plans, and hopes, and fears. In early life his mind had been promoted, but his heart never rose above the ranks. He had a warm sympathy with humanity in all its phases—

“No fetter but galled his wrist,
No wrong that was not his own.”

He was a faithful friend, and assisted those he thought deserving, or who managed to ingratiate themselves into his confidence or his sympathies. Not infrequently he was the dupe of the designing, but such mistakes never chilled his philanthropy, nor closed his purse or his heart against the appeal of distress, whether genuine or counterfeit.

At home, as at Washington, he was the unbought counsel and defender of innocence, and no calculating spirit was ever the mainspring of his

action. Milton had a forecast of his character when he wrote of Bradshaw,—“If the cause of the oppressed was to be defended, if the favor or the violence of the great was to be withstood, it was impossible in that case to find an advocate more intrepid or more eloquent, whom no threats, no terrors, and no rewards could seduce from the plain path of rectitude.”

Such a man could gain but little of this world's possessions. He cared less for what he should leave than for what he should take with him; and he held unaltered to the end this noble conception of the use and duty of life, its consecration to helpful service for mankind, and for the poor, and weak, and oppressed, above all others.

In the still more intimate privacies of his own home he was the endeared centre of a family circle to which he was devotedly attached throughout a stormy and exciting political career, whose steadfast love supported, and whose tenderness soothed him to the last. In him the sentiment of home and family was strong and beautiful. How pleasant he was in that circle! All admitted there felt the sweetness of his temper, the easy gentleness of his manners, and the charm of his society. He told a story with a grace snatched beyond the reach of art, and never one anywhere that would sully the tongue or the imagination of a maiden. Who that knew him there can ever forget his perfect naturalness, his frankness and sociability, his womanly tenderness, his delicacy of speech and conduct, his playfulness, his absent-mindedness, his childlike simplicities and whimsical oddities, coming out in

his liking for old ways and old places, and for this or that bizarre article of food, or drink, or raiment? Beautifully does the admirer already quoted say, "These are some of the traits which made us often forget in the man and the friend even that public record of patriotism and services for humanity which places him first in the proud roll of the distinguished sons of New Hampshire."

Such was the man who so bore his great commission in his look, and so nobly filled the ideal of a knight-errant of liberty that Marshall P. Wilder most appropriately introduced him at the New Hampshire festival in Boston in 1854 as "the very embodiment and incarnation of human freedom,"—the man in whom the microscopic power of slander could find no spot of impurity, and who, God be thanked for such a statesman in the nineteenth century,—

"Through all the tract of years
Wore the white flower of a blameless life."

There is no exaggeration in this description of Mr. Hale. I know it is the voice of affection, and of a domestic grief not yet entirely assuaged.—

"Ars utinam mores animumque effingere potest,
Pulchrior in terris nulla tabella foret."

It would be unworthy the occasion, the theme, the audience, to sketch the character of Mr. Hale in any other spirit or colors than those of truth and discrimination; and yet, in delineating him, something must be yielded to the partiality of private friendship. God forbid that we should ever fail

to dwell on the virtues of our friends, and throw the mantle of charity over their frailties. Although none could know him truly without a warm admiration for his noble character, I know how valueless is mere indiscriminate panegyric. No character is flawless, and like other men Mr. Hale had his limitations. Nor do I mean to deny the proper meed of praise to the other great actors of his time,—

“ Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi.”

Most of these are now passed away, and there is no reason for restraint, but we may speak with posthumous frankness. Undenially the historians of the period have not ascribed to John P. Hale that part in the things accomplished in his time to which he is really entitled. “On Kansas soil,” says ex-Gov. Robinson in his recent book, “was gained the first decisive victory against the Slave Power of this nation.” Not so. More than ten years before the Kansas conflict, the first strong outwork of slavery was carried in no insignificant battle, and John P. Hale, its leader, became the first anti-slavery senator,—not by accident, but by the might of his own invincible arm and indomitable heart, in a hand-to-hand struggle in a state that up to that gallant fight had been the very citadel of Southern slavery. Yet this fact has been persistently ignored, his name and fame have been treated with a studied neglect, and those who came in at a later day, some even at the eleventh hour, have succeeded in reaping the glory and the reward of the movement to which he gave the first impulse and

impetus. I distinctly insist that he it was who won the first political success, and who has a valid historical claim to pioneership in the great uprising which terminated slavery. Doubtless its doom was written in the book of fate; doubtless others would have come and set the ball in motion; but certainly he *did* come, and it is as unreasonable and unjust to deny to him the credit as to deny to Luther that of the Reformation, or to Sam Adams and Franklin that of the Revolution.

The state, among whose lofty mountains freedom loves to rear her mighty children, rescues him to-day from this neglect, and demands for him the recognition of history to which he is entitled, as one who early announced and clearly formulated the principles upon which the victory was finally won. If elsewhere this injustice to a great man is continued, it shall not be without protest in New Hampshire, for we announce by a solemn public act that John P. Hale should stand on the pages of history foremost among the champions of liberty, to whom America owes her emancipation from slavery. Neither John P. Hale nor New Hampshire shall be shut out hereafter from primacy in the successful effort to rescue the republic from the talons of this bird of prey.

And so, with all the ceremony and demonstration of respect which the presence of the official dignitaries of the state, its culture and its worth, can lend to so imposing an occasion—in the presence also of official representatives of the two cities where Mr. Hale drew his first and his latest breath, where he was born and where he had his

home till the last, and in whose soil he was finally laid to his rest, whose representatives are most appropriately here and commissioned to assist in this tribute of honor and of justice to their most eminent son and most beloved citizen; in this presence and in that of some of the veteran coadjutors of Mr. Hale who, at his call, buckled on their armor and fought with him the good fight for liberty; in the honored presence, also, of some of the renowned champions of freedom in the United States, who are here to give the dignity and authority of their names to this observance—and in the presence of that still unbroken family circle that loved him most on earth,—we place this great man here in the goodly company of Webster and Stark, all men of distinct types, differing as the stars differ in glory,—the expounder of the constitution, the tribune of liberty, and the hero of the Revolution on the field of battle. We set up their effigies here in token of our reverence for their separate and conjoined excellencies of character and achievement.

“It is at the tombs of great men that succeeding generations kindle the lamp of patriotism.” A nation is known by its ideals, and by such memorials as this we realize the continuity as well as the immortality of human excellence in the universe. The stream of humanity is unbroken. There is no real line between the living and the dead.

“There is
One great society alone on earth,
The noble Living and the noble Dead.”

The waves of human life come and go; they dash against and sweep away what have been esteemed the proudest monuments of human exertion, but they will not wash away the works that have been built up and founded upon the rock of human love and fidelity. These will remain when not one stone shall be left upon another of the temples erected to merely intellectual or military renown; and in the expansion of the moral horizon that comes to successive generations, posterity shall preserve and cherish the memory of every true man who has connected his name with some step in the progress of the race.

When the passions and prejudices aroused by the contest against slavery shall have died away; when we are farther away from the calculating spirit of family, and local, and coterie partiality and selfishness; when the final story of the anti-slavery struggle in this country shall be written, among those statesmen who wrought for liberty and progress in our age of civic and military valor, and who transmuted their own God-given energies into current coin for the daily use of humanity, no name will shine with a purer lustre on the historic page than that of John P. Hale.

I have supposed, and do suppose, that this is the true glory and significance of his career,—that this is the emphasis of his life and the distinctive mark he made upon his time,—that in which the affections of posterity are to hold and garner him. Without this, without his connection with the great movement for emancipation which has glorified our age, and given it an unapproachable exaltation in

history, he would be entitled to public honor as a good case lawyer, an eloquent advocate, a useful senator, a faithful son, husband, father, and a genial and fascinating friend,—but would scarcely be entitled to be commemorated by a statue in the public grounds of his state. We give such only to great services to humanity, and that political freedom to which all nations, though by indirect and devious routes, are tending: and such we give also, only when time has tested, and set its seal upon such services. Such men as John P. Hale have an imperishable hold upon the moral world,—

“ Ever their phantoms arise before us,
Our loftier brothers, but one in blood;
At bed and table they lord it o’er us,
With looks of beauty, and words of good.”

He bore the test of service for liberty at a time when such service was the supreme, the inexorable demand of the hour. Tried in a time which tested men’s integrity, men’s courage, men’s souls,—tried as by fire and not found wanting,—he fitly stands here as the New Hampshire representative *par excellence* of the spirit of the new era under whose scorching breath slavery withered up like a scroll, and went down to its dishonored grave. The moral courage and intrepidity of this man in the face of that public opinion whereby the slave power dominated and subjected the North was the forerunner, the flaming evangel, of the great uprising of conscience in the North, and the harbinger of that martial courage which, twenty years later, on a thousand

fields of battle, was to eclipse the highest achievements of chivalry and cast romance into the shade. This spirit, this dauntless courage and persistency, this contempt of martyrdom, ranks him with the apostles of liberty in other ages who occupy the highest niches in the Pantheon of freedom.

Mr. Depew says we shall never have a Westminster Abbey. Perhaps we never shall, but America will write on her heart the names of her champions of liberty, her heroes in council, and on the field of battle.

You shall find in what I say of this great man no political hints or innuendoes. What Mr. Hale did was for men of all parties. His work contributed to the common stock of freedom which all parties enjoy and recognize. I am not so unworthy of the duty laid on me this day, as to throw into the scale of our current politics even the weight of an obscure suggestion, in any phrase I may employ to express my admiration for Mr. Hale's truth to human freedom; and it is the highest tribute our generation can pay to his genius and labors, to admit that in political philosophy, in recognition of universal human brotherhood, all of us begin where he left off, and stand on the vantage ground he gained for us.

Mr. Hale's political life was cast in a grand and fruitful time. He lived when his country was in full health, and occupied with momentous subjects. Others there have been whose spirits, like his, were in tune with the Divine purpose; whose eyes, like his, from the mountain-top of vision caught the earliest light of a new day, but who have only seen it

from Pisgah, and died without entering the Promised Land. But he was permitted to see the complete triumph of his principles, and the political institutions and policy of his country recast in conformity to those ideas to which he had devoted his life. He lived to see the definite extinction of slavery and all its claims, the release of every function in the government from its control. He heard the roar of hostile guns settling the great debate in which he had borne so early and so prominent a part, with voices from which there is no appeal. He lived to hear, also, the salvos of victory, and to see the land covered over with the glory of freedom as with a garment.

One other security safely locks up his fame. "At what a price," says Landor, "would many a man purchase the silence of futurity." Surely they who need that silence most are those who have once had their faces set heavenward, and then have faltered and fallen out by the way. The energy and exaltation of soul, the uncalculating enthusiasm of humanity, which characterize revolutions, are followed by the lowering of tone, the political infidelity, the eclipse of faith, which succeed them all as the night the day. The English revolution which dethroned the Stuarts was followed by the Restoration; the French revolution, by Bonapartism and a new régime of the Bourbons; Cromwell and Hampden, by a more ignoble Charles and the successors of Strafford and Laud; Mirabeau, by Talleyrand; the overthrow of prerogative by the longing for thrones and the government of favorites.

So we, also, after the gigantic struggle to over-

throw the oppression of centuries, live in a time of reaction. Wealth has usurped leadership; plutocracy, and not ideas, rules the hour; and the dry bones of the old tyranny crushed thirty years ago begin to live. The appeal to be true to the ideas of 1860 falls upon deaf ears. We would rather sacrifice to the Moloch of money; we rise no higher in our contentions than some wrangle about the tariff, or the puerility and rascality of determining how little of intrinsic value we can palm off upon the world for a dollar.

It was Mr. Hale's high fortune to escape these dangers. We have to thank God that there were no recantations in his later days; that he was never overtaken by the lassitude of the moral reformer, or "the scepticism that treads upon the heels of revolutions;" nor yielded to the apostacy that clouds the fame and the memory of some who had done valiant service for the right. And when the great struggle which had opened and closed in his lifetime was finished,—when the scene upon which he had moved was closed, how truly could he say that he had not only fought the good fight, but had kept the faith.

It is altogether fitting, therefore, that the statue of such a man, so long conspicuous in the public service, holding the highest commission the state had to bestow for nearly twenty years, and ever upholding her honor and increasing her fame before the world, should be erected here, to stand, as we trust, for centuries to come, in the grounds of its capitol. We thus pay homage to his memory in the state of his birth and his abode;

in no provincial spirit, however, but as citizens of a larger country, in whose service he exerted all the powers of his heart and brain.

This monumental bronze, its pedestal inscribed with some of the great outlines of his life story, impressively conveys to the younger generations, living in the light and stirring with the sublime thoughts of a liberty kindled to a higher glow by his torch, the assurance that from his lips the accents of freedom always found unfettered utterance, that we have numbered his labors and entered into his spirit, and that more than they can pay of gratitude and veneration is due to him for the achievements and lessons of his high, and pure, and strenuous public life.

Aye more, we proclaim by this act to-day that he deserves to stand in the Valhalla of the National Capitol with the sages and worthies whose effigies adorn its rotunda, because he was the hero of the noblest of our revolutions,—that peaceful revolution of ideas in which the seed was sown of the harvest which the soldier's sword came afterwards to reap;—which overturned a giant wrong, emancipated the master no less than the slave, and gave to America that place in the political order to which she was destined by Providence; a revolution unlike those that have re-organized societies elsewhere, in that in ours there were no crimes and no excesses, no Anarchy, no Terror, no Military Despotism, no profanations and no blasphemies, no massacres and no proscriptions, to leave their ineffaceable stains upon the face of human progress.

I am quite aware that there is an appointed space

prescribed by usage and good taste, by the courtesy of the press and the patience of an audience, within which what is said here should be circumscribed. That limit was long since passed, and I have lingered unduly over the great man and great actions I have sought to commemorate. With all who knew him in life, I long to-day

“ . . . For the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.”—

and, recalling all that he was to friends and country, “my heart, penetrated with the remembrance of the man, grows liquid as I speak, and I could pour it out like water.”

And then, remembering the Protean forms in which the foes of liberty are ever appearing, and the dangers that beset the republic for which he lived and wrought, the vain sorrow and the selfish aspiration are alike forgotten, and thinking sadly of some crisis of Freedom in future years, and he not here to lead on her legions in the bewildering fight, I bid hail and farewell to this noble son of New Hampshire, one of the chiefest jewels in her crown of glory.

“ Ah! if in coming times
Some giant evil arise,
And Honor falter and pale,
His were a name to conjure with!
God send his like again!”

ULYSSES S. GRANT.

[Speech at a public meeting of citizens at City Hall, Dover, July 26, 1885. General Grant died July 23, 1885.]

MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW CITIZENS: The intelligence of the death of our great chieftain and hero, which came to us two days ago, was not altogether painful. The sympathies of every patriot and friend of humanity had gone out to him so long and so fully while he lay upon his bed of anguish, that we at last heard of his release from the unrest of "life's fitful fever" with a sense of relief, almost of gladness. After months of weariness, and pain, and wasting disease that no mortal help could stay, the most illustrious citizen of our country, and one of the most renowned military leaders and patriots of history, has departed. He has passed the threshold of another life, and the pulses of his mighty heart are at rest. Men now living will never see another event of this character—one which will excite an interest so wide-spread, may I not say, a grief so profound and personal, not only in his own land among men of all sections, classes, and parties, but also in Europe and throughout the civilized world, wherever printed speech is known. It would be presumptuous for any ordinary person to approach that finished character with the hope of adding anything of moment to the interest which invests it, or to the full tide of sorrow and eulogy which is pouring out over the grave of our national hero. And yet it is in every sense appropriate that we join our voices here to the universal commemoration of his virtues, his matchless achievements, his noble character,

his great services to his country, and the patience and fortitude and uncomplaining resignation which marked his last days,—

“ The statesman—warrior, moderate, resolute,
Whole in himself, a common good;
The man of amplest influence,
Yet clearest of ambitious crime,
Our greatest, yet with least pretence,
Great in council and great in war,
Foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.”

I think it is impossible to study the career of General Grant without recognizing in him the most remarkable man of modern times. He was a characteristic product of our institutions. The main incidents of his life are too familiar to need recital. Born to poverty and deprivation and toil, he passed thirty-nine years of his life without arresting anybody's attention by striking qualities of any kind. He exhibited personal bravery in the Mexican war, but no more than many others of his gallant comrades in arms. He tired of the army, and tried several kinds of business, being rather unsuccessful in them all. At length treason struck at the nation's life, and this was his opportunity. He sprang with alacrity to the defence of the government which had educated him, and displayed at once the metal of which he was made. Chance seemed to open to him the golden gates of opportunity; and he it was who pierced the black cloud of our national disasters with the first electric flashes of victory at Belmont, Fort Henry, and Fort Donelson. The people recognized him, hailed him with acclamations, rallied around him, gave him their faith, and from that moment his course was onward without faltering, taking no step backward, to the high places of the world. He fought the great battles of Shiloh, Champion Hill and Vicksburg, Chattanooga and

Missionary Ridge, and trampled out the rebellion in the West. He then came East, and, taking command of all the armies of the Union, displayed all his great qualities, his mastery of strategy, and the whole art of war on a grand scale. He fought that series of bloody engagements in the Wilderness, at Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, and Petersburg, and finally, with an invincible tenacity of purpose, which crushed to powder every obstacle in his path, he grappled the rebellion by the throat and strangled it to death at Appomattox Court-House.

It is impossible for many of you younger men, who love and admire General Grant in your own way and from your own point of view, to enter fully into the feelings which the older of us felt for him in the crisis of his country's destiny. We who were then in active life, who in the army and elsewhere felt the stress and strain and agony of that struggle, can vividly recall the faith we then learned to repose in General Grant, how we leaned upon his mighty arm, how completely we trusted our fate in his hands, and how nobly he justified our confidence. You young men may think it strange, but it is literally true, that we who lived in it can only look back to that period of darkness and gloom and bloody sweat, and the final sunburst of victory which Grant brought us, through tears of love and gratitude. And we cannot now doubt that he who accomplished the task that had baffled so many others was born for the work he did—that Providence raised him up, as it has other heroes, patriots, prophets, and martyrs, for a special service; that, indeed, he came into the world divinely appointed for his work, as Abraham Lincoln was for his glorious mission, and together they will be known in history—the Emancipator and the Conqueror,—and both of them deliverers and saviors of their country.

It will befit the occasions of more formal and careful eulogy, as it will be the august theme of story, to trace General Grant's military operations in detail, and define with critical discrimination the peculiar characteristics of

his military genius, and his place among great soldiers. The time is perhaps not quite come to settle that; but, unless every test of contemporary judgment is delusive, there can be no question that he is to rank hereafter with the Alexanders, the Hannibals, the Cæsars, the Marlboroughs, the Fredericks, the Napoleons, and the Wellingtons of the world. Indeed, a critical study of his campaigns, in connection with the traits of his mind and character, seems to leave no doubt that, in any arena and any age, he could have wrestled on even terms with any of the great captains who have graven their names on the tablets of history.

But, aside from what is due to mere military genius, who among all kindred great men is worthy to be named along with him? Who of them was so modest, who so simple, who so unselfish, who so magnanimous, who so truthful and pure, who so thoroughly imbued with civic virtue, moderation, self control, and devotion to duty and to liberty as he? Not one—not one among all the renowned commanders of men. And so he stands unique among soldiers—a figure distinctly and clearly cut on the horizon of every man's vision—a type by himself—unlike everybody else—with an individuality so distinct that no other could be mistaken for him—and so answering, as I think, one of the supreme tests of human greatness. How readily and how freely his superiority was acknowledged by all the accomplished men who served with him; and, yet, what generous words he spoke at all times of Sherman, and Sheridan, and Thomas, and Hancock, and many another, all of whom he loved, and appreciated, and praised.

As a president of the United States—a chair higher than the throne of any king—to which the people, in token of their gratitude and trust, bore him again and again on their outstretched arms, he was ever true and faithful to their interests; and if, by reason of his military habits of life, his inexperience, and his implicit belief in the honesty of others, he made some minor mistakes, he was, after all,

one of the greatest presidents on the illustrious roll. Surely, the president under whose direction the Geneva Arbitration was accomplished, and such a transcendent step taken towards securing the peace of the world, who vetoed the inflation bill and thus kept untarnished the financial honor and credit of his country, who inaugurated the experiment and laid the foundation stone of the reform of the civil service, and under whose firm hand and watchful eye the first disputed presidential election was quietly, and peacefully, and rightly settled, needs no apologetic defence, and will never be forgotten as having wreathed his brow with a civic chaplet as unfading as his laurels gained in war.

If I do not entirely misconceive his nature, we may add that this great man, cast in a heroic mould, gifted with great endowments, and born for great destinies, not only connected his name inseparably with the martial as well as with all the great legislative achievements and glories of the heroic age of his country, but that he was possessed of the rarest of private virtues and most winning personal traits, that his habits were mainly pure and sweet, that his tastes were simple and healthy, that his manners were quiet and unassuming, that he was tender and affectionate to his family, loyal and helpful to his friends, free from vanity and egotism, and never bitter, but generous and charitable and forbearing to opponents; that partisanship had not narrowed his mind, nor quenched in him the instincts of a broad statesmanship and a broader humanity.

If I am right in this general, but most hasty and imperfect, estimate of his personality, I think we can readily appreciate why the American people were so passionately attached to this superb specimen of manhood, and power, and achievement, why they so loved and trusted and honored him to the end.

Nor did these qualities fail to win for him their appropriate recognition from the rest of the world. Can you ever forget, my friends, his wonderful tour round the

world, the most dramatic and impressive spectacle, it seems to me, that ever crowned the personal career of any man in ancient or modern times? Wherever he went the kings and potentates of the earth uncovered before him, and princes, statesmen, and philosophers vied with each other in doing homage to his genius, his character, and his achievements. His progress around the earth was literally a triumphal march. The cities of the Orient and Occident alike threw open their gates at his coming, and Europe, Asia, Africa, and the islands of the sea crowded the streets and roads of the old world to meet and greet him, and lay their gifts of admiration at his feet. And yet he never forgot for one moment to ascribe all the homage and honor lavished upon him to the great country, the great cause, and the great people he represented. He moved with the same imperturbable dignity and unaffected simplicity in the palaces of kings and the glittering courts of emperors—he never said an unfitting word or did an unfitting action—and came back as simple and unspoiled by flattery, as when we sent him forth to show the old world what the new could do in the way of producing a *man*.

What mutations in human fortune does his career illustrate! From obscurity lifted not unnaturally to the highest eminence on earth—that dizzy height, that goal which so many of our ambitious men have longed for and sought in vain—at last, when, according to natural laws, there should have been twenty years more of peaceful life and repose vouchsafed to him, after a heroic battle, borne without one articulate murmur of complaint, he yields to the Angel of Death, whose dread command not even *his* unbending will could turn aside.

“O iron nerve, to true occasion true,
O fall’n at length that tower of strength,
Which stood four square to all the winds that blew!”

As we stand beside his open grave, how vividly we realize the weakness of our poor human nature, the transitori-

ness of earthly glory, the worthlessness of most of the prizes of earthly fame and ambition, the majesty of character, the divine beauty and the sure recompense of great deeds done in a modest and unselfish spirit.

All these lessons our people deeply realize. Nor can foreign nations fail to draw another lesson from the event; that, cold and calculating and factious as we are supposed to be, we are still capable of a noble self-abnegation; we forget our differences; we can obliterate party and sectional lines, and stand in loving embrace and pour out our tears together over the bier of virtue and heroism, all hearts melted into sympathy and regret that

“—renown and grace are no more.”

It is to me one of the most touching and significant things in the life of General Grant, that the people whom he conquered came to recognize in him their friend and saviour, as he was their most magnanimous foe. He broke down their military power, and relentlessly reduced them to submission and obedience to the law; but, when all was over, he was so considerate and helpful that he conquered their hearts, and no sincerer mourners will be found at his grave than the great body of Confederate soldiers.

It is a mournful pleasure for us to think over all the graciousness of the gift to us of this great man; but, alas! nothing is left for us to-day but to

“Render thanks to the Giver,
And render him to the mould.”

“For the stars on our banner grown suddenly dim
Let us weep in our darkness, but weep not for him;
Not for him, who, departing, left millions in tears;
Not for him, who has died full of honors and years;
Not for him, who ascended Fame's ladder so high—
From the round at the top he has stepped to the sky!”

Not for him—but for his bereaved country, to whom his loss at any time would be great and sore—for his afflicted family and the whole desolated hearthstone, bereft of his sweet affection and ever-tender care. These the American people will soothe and cherish as their own; while Death sanctifies and canonizes his great character, locks up his fame securely against all further trials of strength and weakness alike, and transfers him to our national pantheon of heroes and patriots, where he will ever be associated with Washington and Lincoln,—all of them ours alone, and our precious possessions forever. His immortal spirit has joined theirs, and

“Ne’er to those dwellings, where the mighty rest
Since their foundations, came a nobler guest!”

Soon the august procession will lead forth the pageant of his obsequies; the imperial States of the Republic will bear up his funeral pall; and of the most sad in the procession of the bereaved will be the distinguished soldiers of the Rebellion, his own illustrious companions-in-arms, and the scarred and sunburnt veterans of that Army of the Union which his genius had fashioned into such a thunder-bolt of war.

“Let the bell be tolled;
And a reverent people behold
The towering car, the sable steed.”

On every side are utterances of the popular heart. The pealing of cannon, the throbbing of bells, the flags at half-mast, the closed doors of business, the solemn hush of the streets, and the emblems of grief and sorrow that enshroud the whole land, tell their own sad story of bereavement and loss.

But amid all this let us not forget that there are precious consolations in the last years of our great leader. The victorious chieftain of his country’s armies, and the center of

his country's hopes, and desires, and prayers,—honored and received in other lands as no other man ever was since the beginning of time,—the full sheaves of earthly glory, fruits of his genius and patriotism, safely gathered in,—after drawing near to the gates of death he was drawn back from the open door of immortality, and graciously spared to learn before tasting of death, how much he was beloved by his countrymen, and especially by the Southern people whom he vanquished, but to whom he was ever so lenient, and kind, and true. And we know by his own words, which appear this morning, among the last he ever wrote, how the demonstrations of respect which came to him from the South touched his heart, and how his mighty spirit rejoiced in these evidences of a reunited country.

But the respite could be but brief, and he yielded at last to the great Conqueror of all, and passed to his rest.

“ All is over and done,
Give thanks to the giver, America,
For thy son.”

Even while his precious dust is still with us, the lightnings of heaven are fitly employed in carrying around the world the electric currents of a universal sympathy and sense of bereavement. In ages to come it will be the tireless theme of history and of song to celebrate his virtues, his victories, and his glory. His mortal part is to be laid in the centre of the great city he loved so well, and made his home, where the sun strikes from the west the highlands of the Hudson, where

“ The sound of those he wrought for,
And the feet of those he fought for,
Will echo round his bones forevermore,”

and pilgrims from every land will fare to that illustrious tomb, as to a consecrated shrine of patriotism and loyalty.

"Peace! his triumph will be sung,
 By some yet un moulded tongue,
 Far on in summers that we shall not see;
 Peace, it is a day of pain
 For one about whose patriarchal knee
 Late the little children clung;
 O Peace, it is a day of pain
 For one upon whose hand, and heart, and brain,
 Once the weight and fate of nations hung.
 Ours the pain, be his the gain!
 More than is of man's degree
 Must be with us watching here
 At this, our great solemnity.
 Whom we see not we revere,
 We revere, and we refrain
 From talk of battles loud and vain,
 And brawling memories all too free
 For such a wise humility
 As befits a solemn fane;
 We revere, and while we hear
 The tides of Music's golden sea
 Setting toward eternity,
 Uplifted high in heart and hope are we,
 Until we doubt not that for one so true
 There must be other nobler work to do,
 And Victor he must ever be.

* * * *

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;
 He is gone who seemed so great;—
 Gone, but nothing can bereave him
 Of the force he made his own
 Being here, and we believe him
 Something far advanced in state,
 And that he wears a truer crown
 Than any wreath that man can weave him.
 But speak no more of his renown,
 Lay your earthly fancies down,
 And in the vast cathedral leave him,
 God accept him, Christ receive him!"

At a Banquet given by the Nashua Lincoln Club in honor
 of Gen. Grant's birthday, April 27, 1888, Col. Hall after
 making substantially the foregoing address spoke as follows:

“We are now far enough removed from Gen. Grant’s death to test the enduring and wearing quality of his reputation. Day by day his renown becomes broader and brighter. Every hour adds a stone to the majestic cairn which the ages are already building to his memory.

They talk of the neglect of New York to erect a monument adequate to his fame. It matters little,—

“Nothing can cover his high fame, but Heaven;
No pyramids set off his memories,
But the eternal substance of his greatness.”

In the “Personal Memoirs” into which for the love of his domestic hearth, he wrought his heart-strings in his last days—a book so characteristic, so direct and transparent, so grand in its simplicity, so pellucid in its style that you look through its crystal depths down to the very bottom of his mind and heart—the only great work I know of written solely to tell the story of a great man’s life in the fewest and plainest and tersest words, without a thought of literary fame—in that book, if no other deed of his remained, he has embalmed his name, and he might have written at the end

“Exegi monumentum aere perennius.”

But in a higher sense, his true monument is already builded, though its proportions will become larger and more majestic as the centuries tide on. That monument is the Union which he preserved by his indomitable will, his masterful brain, his loyal and liberty-loving soul, and the terrible energies of his puissant right arm.

Mr. President, there is a manifest propriety in the celebration of the birth of Ulysses S. Grant by a club bearing the name of Abraham Lincoln. These two illustrious names, names which, as Burke said of Lord Chatham, “keep the name of this country respectable in every other on the globe,” are indissolubly united. They are blended

in a beautiful harmony like the prismatic rays, and so inseparable in our memory that we can never think of the one without the other. Together in life, we may well believe that in death they are not divided—and ours is the privilege and happiness to hold them in equal allegiance, and love, and reverence. And how fitting it is that an association like this of those who think alike concerning the republic, should give a day of commemoration to each; that we annually unlock our treasure-house of memory, and fondly count over again all the tokens and remembrances, little and great, which we have garnered up, of these two greatest men of their age.

“On God and godlike men we build our trust,” and we shall be degenerate indeed when we forget to honor these precious names, and to think of the graciousness of the gift to us of the two characters who stand for so much of the glory and luster which gilded the close of the first century of our history.

Nor can we forget that this is a political club, and that Gen. Grant was so thoroughly a Republican that every honor we pay him here has a political meaning and significance. We are the heirs of his political principles, and in the great national contest just at hand, we shall inscribe them once more on our banners, and under their guidance we will sound the charge and march to victory. It is our duty to rescue the government from the clutch of a party which is every day making more manifest its profligacy, its want of principle, its untrustworthiness and incapacity to govern—and to return it to the hands of the men who lost it by frauds and outrages upon the suffrage which, unless arrested, will, at no distant day, wreck popular government in this land. Gen. Grant stood for a renewed and harmonious nationality, and so do we. He stood for a sound currency and honest debt-paying, and so do we. He stood for faithful obedience to the Constitution and the laws, and so do we. He stood for the protection of our coast-frontier, for the rehabilitation of American commerce, and the American

navy, and so do we. He stood for a vigorous assertion of American rights abroad and for the honor of the flag over every inch of land and sea under the whole heaven, and so do we. He stood for a true reform of the civil service, and its elevation above mere spoils, partisanship, and hypocrisy, such as is now smirching its honor and bedraggling it with mire; and so do we. He stood for a loyal and grateful recognition of the services and sacrifices of the men who saved the American Union on the field of battle and the decks of our men of war; and so do we. He stood for the protection of American industry, for the preservation of the home market to the American producer, and for the maintenance of high wages to the American laborer; and so do we. Gen. Grant stood for the emancipated slave, for the rights of humanity and American citizenship everywhere, for a free and untrammelled and unterrorized ballot, and an honest count; and so do we; and there, God helping us, we will stand forever. These principles will be our watchword in the coming struggle, and whosoever may be chosen for the moment as our standard-bearer, if we are faithful to these principles we may look up with serene confidence for the benediction of those strong and pure and kindly faces of Lincoln and Grant, that look down upon us to-night as the spiritual guests of these festivities.

But our final and highest thought of General Grant must always lift us sheer and clear above the denser atmosphere of partisanship into the pure, upper air of reverence for the plain, great man, who with the simple feeling of obedience to duty did his great work in life, and illustrated, as scarcely any other man in history has done, the sure connection of duty and glory.

“Not once or twice in our fair story,
The path of duty was the way to glory :
He that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart, and knees, and hands,
Thro’ the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward, and prevailed,

Shall find the toppling crags of duty scaled
 Are close upon the shining table-lands
 To which our God himself is moon and sun.
 Such was he : his work is done,
 But while the races of mankind endure,
 Let his great example stand
 Colossal, seen of every land,
 And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure ;
 Till in all lands, and thro' all human story,
 The path of duty be the way to glory.
 And let the land whose hearths he saved from shame,
 For many and many an age proclaim,
 At civic revel, and pomp and game,
 And when the long-illumined cities flame,
 Their ever loyal iron leader's fame,
 With honor, honor, honor, honor to him,
 Eternal honor to his name."

JOHN B. GOUGH.

[DELIVERED AT THE CITY HALL, DOVER, N. H., APRIL 11, 1886.]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—John B. Gough died seven weeks ago, and I have thought it somewhat remarkable, as perhaps you have also, that no more has been already done and said to mark and point the moral of so important and noteworthy an event. It would be a strange neglect, indeed, if a society like the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and all kindred societies, should not gather about the bier of this extraordinary man, and call the world to witness, by fitting words of commemoration, that the greatest champion of their cause lies dead, "dead on the field of honor."

I gladly join in the honors of this memorial service, which ought to be coextensive with the race which he did so much to help and to save. Others have spoken and will speak of his Christian virtues, and other aspects of his striking career, which was fully closed on the 18th of February last. In the few minutes allotted to me here, it is only my duty to briefly touch upon the incidents of his remarkable life, and sketch the outlines of his magnificent work in the cause of temperance.

JOHN B. GOUGH was an Englishman by birth, and born at Sandgate, England, on the 22d of August, 1817, of humble parentage. His father was a soldier in the British army, and his mother was for twenty years the schoolmistress in the little village where they resided. Though very poor, he must have had some educational advantages, for at the age of eight years he was a remarkably good reader. When he was but twelve years old his father decided to

send him to America with a family of immigrants, that he might here learn a trade and establish himself in life. The family settled on a farm in Oneida County, N. Y., and he remained with them two years. In 1831, when he was fourteen years of age, he went to the city of New York, to learn a trade. Meantime he had become a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and soon after reaching New York he found work in the Methodist Episcopal Book Concern, as an errand boy and apprentice to the trade of book-binding. He became a skilful workman, and, in 1833, sent for his mother and sister to join him. They came over, but in 1834 his mother died of apoplexy, and soon after—at 17 years of age—being thrown upon his own resources, young Gough commenced that career of dissipation which came so near wrecking him wholly, and which in his lectures on temperance he has described with such terrible vividness. His power as a mimic and storyteller made him a favorite with young men about town who were prone to dissipation, and he gave way to the temptations which beset the young in such a city. He became an inebriate, and sank so low that even the evil companions who had enticed him into such courses forsook him. Destitution and drink were then his lot for several years. From 1834 to 1842—while he was 17 to 25 years old—he went from place to place, sometimes appearing on the stage as a comic singer or low comedian, sometimes working at his trade, but ever sinking lower and lower into the depths of intemperance. In 1838 he went on a fishing cruise from Newburyport, and on his return there he married, and did well for a time, but relapsed: his passion for drink prevailed, and he became a confirmed drunkard. At about this time he came near being burned to death in his own bed, which, in his drunken carelessness, he had set on fire: He battled bravely with his appetite, but it was too strong for him. At length *delirium tremens* came, his wife died, and at last he seemed to be without a friend in the world. Driven to desperation, he drank more than ever, and he

frequented the lowest grogeries, telling funny stories and singing comic songs to amuse the loafers, who paid him for his buffoonery in brandy. Mr. Gough made this account of his life—the horrible years between the ages of 17 and 25—the most terrible picture ever painted in words and gestures before an audience.

But a merciful Providence had reserved him for another destiny, and he was rescued by the Washingtonian movement. One Sunday evening, in October, 1842, while walking in the streets of Worcester, Mass., miserable and hopeless, he felt a tap on the shoulder. He turned, and met the kindly face of Mr. Joel Stratton, an utter stranger to him, who asked him to go to a temperance meeting, the next night, and sign the pledge. He promised to go, and went, and signed; and this was the turning-point in his life. Another attack of *delirium tremens* followed, nearly costing him his life. But he recovered and kept the pledge five months, when he fell, but soon recovered again, and from that time forward was a thorough temperance man.

He immediately commenced that career as a temperance lecturer which continued till the day of his death, a period of nearly 44 years. I have an impression that Dover was one of the early places he visited—but, at any rate, he spoke here many times in the course of his life—and many who hear me have listened to him again and again. He was everywhere in demand as a temperance lecturer, and in the first year of his labors he travelled 7,000 miles, delivered 400 addresses, and obtained 1,500 signatures to the pledge. In the two years succeeding his reformation, he travelled 12,000 miles, delivered 600 lectures, and obtained 32,000 signatures to the pledge. Thus he traversed this country for ten years, addressing vast audiences everywhere, and stirring them as no human speech had ever stirred them before.

The fame of his extraordinary talents reached England and he visited that country, first in 1853, and again in 1878, where he was warmly welcomed and heard with eagerness

by all classes of society, and thousands of drunkards were reclaimed by his efforts. He delivered 100 orations in London, and spoke to multitudes in all the great towns of the United Kingdom, his eloquence charming all classes, and his meetings were attended by the élite of English society, men of rank esteeming it an honor to preside at them. He has probably been heard by more human beings than any other speaker of his time, having travelled a half million of miles and delivered 8,000 lectures. He very early began to speak on other subjects, but was never, I think, so great elsewhere, and, indeed, it may be said, he never spoke without putting in an effective word for the great cause to which he devoted his life. On the lyceum platform he delivered many lectures on literary, social, and religious topics, and won and held preëminent rank among the popular orators of his time. His income from his work at length became very large. He married the wife who now survives him in Worcester, in 1843, and made for himself a beautiful home in Boylston, about four miles from Worcester, where he had 240 acres of land beautifully laid out, and all in thorough cultivation, and adorned with taste and culture. Here he spent his summers, while he lectured in winter. He was generous in his benefactions, and devoted much of his wealth to good works of every kind. His charities were large and unostentatious, and few men have done more good in their day in the ordinary ways of daily life than John B. Gough.

I have neither time nor ability to fully describe Mr. Gough, and analyze his character as an orator. To speak with literal truth, he was an oratorical wonder. Without an imposing presence, without any pretensions to learning or great logical powers, he was a consummate master of human speech—an actor—an impersonator—and presented his argument with such ready flow of language, with such dramatic force, such inimitable mimicry, with such pathos and humor, and all suffused with such vivid coloring and penetrated with such moral ear-

nestness, that all classes were entranced, and hung upon his accents with delight. Did anybody ever hear another such story-teller as he was? His wide experience had furnished him with a great fund of anecdote, which he employed with never-failing effect, and illustrated with impersonations of character of the most lifelike accuracy. He could be anything that he chose to be—assuming at will the rollicking Irishman, the phlegmatic Dutchman, the frivolous Frenchman, the dialect Yankee, the austere Scotch deacon, the coxcomb, the plantation negro, the brutal husband, the heart-broken wife, the toper in every stage. Often grotesque, he was never coarse, or impure, or irreverent, in speech or action. No word ever fell from his lips that could offend the most fastidious taste. But there was character in every lineament of his face, every movement of his hand, every tone of his voice. Some one has aptly said that there was more expression in Gough's coat-tails than in most men's features. How often vast audiences have been excited to uncontrollable bursts of laughter by his ludicrous presentations, and at the next moment melted to tears by his pathetic pictures of the horrors of the drunkard's imagination, and the sufferings of the drunkard and his family. It seems to me no man ever amused, and, at the same time rescued and uplifted, so many people. He was a speaker of most peculiar type—and Nature must have broken the die in moulding him.

I heard him first in the old Broadway Tabernacle, in New York, whose walls, now crumbled to dust these many years, resounded to the highest eloquence that has been heard in our land. It was the time of the great awakening in this country. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had let the light in upon the terrible institution of slavery, and men and women were beginning to see as never before the horrors of the prison house of men and women and children at their very doors. It was my fortune to be a young man in those days, and it seems to me that it was a rare good fortune. I think a young man ought to be thankful when his

lot is cast in a time pulsating with great events—when thought is stirring—when people are opening their minds to new truths—when old abuses are passing away—when momentous changes are in the air, and when great orators, born always of such ferments, come forward and pour out their inspired accents and impassioned thoughts upon the ears of the world. That was emphatically a time of that kind—and whatever I have had of high enthusiasm, of aspirations for a higher good for myself, for my country, and mankind, I date back for their kindling and growth to that time. I heard then, in New York, nearly all the great public speakers of that day, as they hurled their burning and scorching denunciations upon the Moloch of human slavery. I heard, in one day, in 1855, at the May anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, in the old Metropolitan Theatre, Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, Charles Sumner, Theodore Parker, and Henry Ward Beecher. These were the princes of the blood of the American platform—and all of them, just then, at their very best. At about the same time I first heard John B. Gough, on a theme not less grand, and not less inspiring than Anti-Slavery, the theme of Temperance; and never did I hear such eloquence, before or since. Inferior to all the great orators I have just mentioned, in some respects, yet in dramatic power, the lurid light which he threw upon his canvas as he painted the emotions, the feelings, the miseries of the victims of appetite, in aptness of anecdote and illustration, in pathos, and humor, and perfect control over the passions of his hearers, he was far superior to them all. I heard him with delight, and I never afterwards missed an opportunity to hear him again—even down to the last time, when he spoke in this hall, about a year ago—when it was clear to me that his powers were waning—that the light of his genius was flickering—

“For age will rust the brightest blade,
And Time will break the stoutest bow.”

But the fire of John B. Gough was still there—smouldering—and occasionally burst forth in all its pristine splendor.

We talk, in our vanity, of the triumphs of oratory and eloquence, of the achievements of intellect and genius, but these are trifles. They are something—they are sought after with feverish anxiety, but they are bubbles, they are drops, they are less than dust in the balance, when compared with the glory of a sublime moral purpose, informing, animating and enthusing the whole man. The true beauty and the lesson of John B. Gough's life was that he consecrated his marvellous gifts to the redemption of the race from the thralldom of evil habit, and the moral elevation of his fellow-men to that comfort, that plenty, that happiness, that dignity, that self-respect, that tranquility of mind, which he knew would follow their emancipation from the slavery of intemperance. It is in this character that he did his great work, and although he achieved an enduring fame in other fields, he never seemed quite at home unless he was hurling the shining weapons of his wit, his pathos, his invective, his appeal, squarely in the face of the demon of evil habit. That he wrought out greater results for temperance than any other man who ever trod a platform, reclaimed more men from drunkenness, and brought happiness to more desolate homes, is certain. Not in vain did he travel 500,000 miles, nor were his words thrown away upon the eight million people who heard him. A poor woman in Edinburgh, in giving him a handkerchief, said: "When he wipes the sweat from his brow, in speaking, tell him to remember he has wiped away a great many tears, while in Edinburgh." That tells the story, and he so wrought for forty-four years. Who can tell how many he plucked from the burning, and how many he was the means of saving from want and misery? What a noble life! How awfully begun, but how gloriously ended. For he was faithful to the very end, and died, literally in harness, as he would have wished. On Monday evening, February 15th, he was lecturing in Phil-

adelphia, and had spoken for half an hour with his accustomed vigor and eloquence, when his head dropped upon his breast, he fell prostrate to the floor, and remained in an unconscious condition till the end came, three days after. He had been stricken with paralysis of the tongue—he had literally worn out his vocal organs in speaking for the good of his fellow-men. His last words on the platform were: “Young man, make your record clean.” How strangely significant, and how strangely in keeping with that eloquent, warning voice, which had rung like a clarion in the ears of millions in the United States and Great Britain for forty-four years of his knightly crusade in behalf of total abstinence. For this we honor him chiefly to-day. For this he was mourned by multitudes of men whom he had redeemed. For this let the memory be held sacred in all future time of the great evangel of temperance to England and America.

During the past year, in our country, several great and illustrious men have been borne to the grave with all the pomp and pageantry of national grief. No such observances waited upon the quiet sepulture of the great apostle of temperance, at his own beautiful “Hillside.” And yet, it is doubtful if even the most renowned of our national heroes has done more good in his day and generation, or conferred more lasting blessings upon humanity than John B. Gough. So will it be doubtless, till the end of man’s pilgrimage upon earth—our greatest benefactors will be too lightly esteemed, and we shall never, till the millennial day, hold the victories of peace as high as the victories of war.

DANIEL M. CHRISTIE.

[Remarks addressed to the Supreme Court of New Hampshire, at the trial term, February, 1877, at Dover.]

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HONOR:—I rise to formally announce an event, the unwelcome intelligence of which has already come to the court by common report. The Hon. Daniel M. Christie, the most distinguished member of this bar, and the most eminent counsellor of this court, departed this life, at his residence in this city, on the 8th day of December last, at the advanced age of 86 years. His brethren of the bar of Strafford county, whose leader and ornament and pride he was for so many years, profoundly impressed by this event, and desiring to do whatever is in their power to acknowledge the supremacy, illustrate the virtues, and honor the memory of this great man, have, with entire unanimity, adopted resolutions expressive of the high sense entertained by the bar of the eminent character and services of Mr. Christie, and their sincere sympathy and condolence with those friends whom his loss affected more nearly; and have, with a partiality which I gratefully acknowledge, imposed upon me the honorable duty of presenting them to the court. In the performance of that duty, I will, by leave of the court, read the resolutions which have been adopted by the bar, and respectfully move that they be entered upon the records of the court:

Resolved, That we have heard with profound sensibility of the death of the Hon. Daniel M. Christie, the oldest and most distinguished member of this bar, who has, by a long life of arduous labor, fidelity to duty, and spotless integrity in every relation of life, adorned and elevated the profession of the law, and imparted dignity and luster to the jurisprudence of our state.

Resolved, That in the long, honorable, and conspicuous career of Mr. Christie—chiefly as a counsellor and advocate at this bar—distinguished by great learning, sound judgment, unwearied industry, and unsurpassed fidelity to every personal and professional obligation, we recognize those qualities which entitled him to the respect and veneration which were universally entertained for him; and that, by his wisdom, prudence, and conscientious attention to all the duties of good citizenship, he exerted a great and salutary influence upon the community in which he lived.

Resolved, That we take pride in recording our high estimate of his extraordinary intellectual endowments, his exalted principles, and elevated standard of private and professional morality, and commend his virtues and excellences of character to the imitation of the members of the profession which he pursued with such assiduity, and such remarkable honor and success.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with the family of Mr. Christie in the bereavement which has deprived them of an indulgent father and faithful friend, and respectfully offer them such consolation as may be found in the heartfelt condolence of the bar, whose leader and exemplar he was for nearly fifty years, and whose affection and veneration he had gained by his preëminent abilities and blameless life.

Resolved, That the secretary communicate a copy of these resolutions to the family of Mr. Christie, and that the committee present them to the court now in session in this county, with the request of the bar that they be entered upon its records.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HONOR:—I should be doing injustice to my own feelings on this occasion, if I were to refrain from adding a few words at least to the expressions of grief and sensibility which these resolutions contain.

This, of all places in the world, could our deceased elder brother have selected the scene, would he have chosen for pronouncing above his grave whatever of honorable praise he had earned by a life of high exertion in an exalted profession, of incorruptible fidelity to every trust, and unsullied honor in all the relations of life. And here, certainly, in this building whose walls will be forever associated with his name and his labors, it is appropriate that such honors as the living can pay to the dead should not be denied to him. Others there are, older than myself, and whose opportunities of observation have extended over a

larger period than mine, who can better inform the court of the varied incidents of his long and useful life, and to their hands I shall mainly leave the task, contenting myself with a brief outline of his professional career, and some imperfect estimate of his powers and standing among the lawyers of his time.

Mr. Christie was born at Antrim, N. H., on the 15th of October, 1790. He had no adventitious aids in youth. He labored on a farm in his earlier years, and, without wealth, or powerful friends, or patronage to lean upon, after surmounting the obstacles usually encountered by farmers' sons in our agricultural towns, he entered Dartmouth college, and was graduated there in 1815, at the head of a class of men of eminence, of which he was the last surviving member. He studied law three years in the office of James Walker, of Peterborough, began the practice in York, Me., practised there and at South Berwick till 1823, when he removed to this city, where he ever after resided. He entered upon professional practice here with characteristic energy, pursued it with singular zeal and assiduity, and rapidly rose in the estimation of the bench, the bar, and the public. He was a contemporary of Jeremiah Mason, Jeremiah Smith, Daniel Webster, Ichabod Bartlett, and George Sullivan—being about twenty-five years the junior of Smith and Mason, and but few years younger than the others. In the early years of his professional life those great men not infrequently appeared in the trial of causes in this county, and the old court house still stands here among us which witnessed the stirring struggles of these intellectual gladiators and whose walls resounded to the voices of their eloquence. With these high examples before him, and these high rivalries and contentions to stimulate him, he “must,” in the language of Mr. Webster, “have been unintelligent indeed not to have learned something from the constant displays of that power which he had so much occasion to see and to feel.” That he did learn much from that great intercourse and contention of kin-

dred minds—the trophies of Miltiades disturbing his sleep—there is abundant evidence in the rapid and sure strides, no step backward, with which he came up and forward, even among such rivals, to a high professional eminence. There are many proofs of the high respect with which all these great men, whose marvelous powers gave dignity and luster to the bar of New Hampshire in its golden age, regarded him and his attainments. He continued in the full practice of the law here for about fifty years, engaged in nearly every important case tried in this county up to the year 1870—many years after the great luminaries of the law—the contemporaries of his early professional life—had sunk below the horizon.

He had but little relish for public life, and never sought political office, although he had political principles and convictions of the most decided character and took a deep and lively interest in all great public questions. He was, however, elected to the legislature as early as 1826, and during the next forty years he was returned to that body, from the town and city of Dover, on eleven different occasions. This was about the entire extent of his holding public office. But, since he never refused the summons of the public to any duty, and was more than once a candidate for high stations, it may perhaps fairly be said that his exclusion from the higher walks of official life was mainly due to the fact that during nearly his whole life he was not in accord with the political sentiments which controlled the state in which he lived. Many regrets have been expressed that the doors of preferment were thus closed upon a man who, serving his country in any conspicuous sphere, would have advanced its honor, promoted its prosperity, elevated its dignity, enlightened its mind, purified its morality, and lifted its policy to a higher plane of statesmanship. But certain I am that this enforced exclusion from the councils of the nation cost Mr. Christie no pangs of regret, and that never for one moment did it occur to him to secure that recognition which his great abilities merited by any

subserviency to sentiments and methods which his reason and conscience did not accept. It was ever his aim—never forgotten—and his rule—never violated—to preserve his personal rectitude, as the richest treasure any man can possess.

It would seem to be superfluous to speak of the intellectual greatness of Mr. Christie before a tribunal which has been so often charmed and enlightened by the displays of his power. But, unfortunately, so modest was the great man whose loss we now deplore, so reserved, so careless of his achievements and fame, so content with circumscribing his professional employments almost within the limits of the small county in which he dwelt, and never, that I am aware of, going beyond his own state in a professional capacity, and so fleeting indeed are the records and impressions of the *nisi prius* trials in which he principally gathered in his fame, so transitory even the remembrances of these conflicts and struggles which so rapidly pass out of contemporary memory and are gone forever, that it would seem desirable, if it might be, for the court and the bar to place on record somewhere some suitable memorial of the intellectual power of such a man as Mr. Christie,—something which might rescue some of his striking traits of character from the oblivion that soon shrouds the fame of the practising lawyer, and inform the future generations of our people, and especially his successors at the bar, that a great man has fallen here and now. I trust, therefore, that your honor, and my brothers of the bar who are to follow me in this tribute of respect to his memory, will commemorate his remarkable gifts and services in language of enduring and permanent value, leaving “something so written to after times, as they should not willingly let it die.”

Mr. Christie did not reach his ultimate greatness, as some men do, at a bound, but his was a steady growth, and laborious ascent to the tablelands of the law. Through a long series of arduous exertions he “ever great and greater

grew," until for years before his death I think the front rank and the leadership—*primus inter primos*—of the front rank in the profession of the law was accorded to him by the universal voice of the profession and the bench in New Hampshire. So various and so large were his powers and his attainments, that it is difficult to make a critical analysis or estimate of his capacity. Mr. Webster said the characteristics of Mr. Mason's mind were *real greatness, strength, and sagacity*. I have often thought this concise summary to be equally true of and applicable to Mr. Christie. He was certainly a man of extraordinary endowments, and these had been wonderfully cultivated, improved, invigorated, and strengthened by the untiring industry of a long life given to the law, with a singleness of heart and purpose which disarmed the jealousy of that proverbially jealous mistress. He had prodigious industry, and could work terribly. He had indomitable will and tenacity of purpose. He had good sense and sound judgment. He had a vast and exact memory. He had a logical and capacious understanding. In volume of intellect, in ability to grasp a legal proposition, or grapple with a problem or an argument, in pure and simple brain power, he certainly had no superior if any equal in New Hampshire in these later years of his life, and I doubt if in the annals of our illustrious jurisprudence, or in the list of our great forensic names, he was ever surpassed.

He was not quick of apprehension—he was cautious, wary, and slow to advise. He never promoted litigation, but often discouraged it by refusing to give any guarantees of success. He observed the precept of old Polonius, to

"Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee."

When once engaged he was laborious to the last degree, and never came to the trial of a case without the most thor-

ough, painstaking, and exhaustive preparation. He spared no time or labor, he turned the night into the day, he shrunk from no diligence or exhaustion, he studied his cases over and over, and through and through, and looked at them in every possible aspect; and when he came to the trial, his thorough understanding of his case, its weakness as well as its strength, his anticipation of every possible position of his adversary, and his complete devotion to his cause and his client, made him the most formidable antagonist any man could encounter. Entering the lists on some occasions with some of the leaders of the American bar, they found him a foeman worthy of their steel, and in the encounters which ensued he was never vanquished. Though so apparently timid and hesitating at the outset, he had immense combativeness, and used to say that he loved the smell of battle. When once launched upon a trial, he was a great ship of the line moving into action and bearing down, black and frowning, upon his adversary, with all sails set, decks cleared, and every gun shotted to the muzzle. At such times he was a spectacle of grandeur, and I appeal to your honor, and every gentleman of the bar who has ever been put to the trying test of being his antagonist, that when he seated himself for the struggle you always saluted him with homage, and felt that though he might be out-maneuvered or worsted by dexterity and adroitness in avoiding a close encounter, it was a hopeless struggle for any adversary who should come within range of his terrific broadside.

Mr. Christie was less eloquent than many men in the ordinary acceptation of that term. But as an advocate before juries, and before the full bench upon great questions, he was, nevertheless, great and almost invincible. He had not great readiness, or fullness, or felicity of speech, he did not command a very copious vocabulary, but he had words enough to express the most vigorous thought and the most accurate shades of meaning. His great strength lay rather in his skilful presen-

tation of strong points, and his logical and sinewy argument,—simple, direct, ordinarily unadorned by any imagery, and free from any flights of fancy. He took no circuitous routes, but pressed straight home to his object with a pace so steady and strong and sustained that it could not fail to bring him to the goal. He had great power of sarcasm and invective, and had a keen sense of the ludicrous, which seemed to me to be a late outgrowth of his mind, and to grow keener and sharper as he grew older. Many anecdotes might be told illustrative of this quality, but the bench and the bar remember vividly, I am sure, some of his later efforts on occasions of importance, when this mighty man would not only lift the court and jury and spectators up to his clear and luminous view of the law and the justice of his case, but amused and sometimes convulsed all who heard him by his quaint humor, by curious turns of expression, and grotesque comparisons and illustrations, of the wit of which he seemed to be sublimely unconscious. But he never put himself on parade. These were all tributary to the stream of his argument and his purpose, and flowed in and along the channel of his reason and logic, like flowers on the bosom of the Mississippi.

The degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon Mr. Christie by his *Alma Mater* in 1857, and his acknowledged eminence as a jurist is abundantly attested by the offer on two occasions of the chief-justiceship of the court—a court which can boast that a Smith, a Richardson, a Parker, and a Perley have occupied its highest seat. But he declined judicial station, although none can doubt that he would have filled and adorned it with consummate learning, wisdom, and integrity. In fact, from all we know of him, we must believe him to have been equal to every possible occasion a lawyer might be called upon to meet, and I think it would be the unanimous opinion of the profession that he would have been as great and conspicuous in any forum as he was here.

A glance at him showed him to be no ordinary man.

His personal appearance was noble and commanding. His imposing dignity, his austere demeanor, "his look, drawing audience," his Jove-like head and towering brow, singled him out as a king among men. As for myself, whatever the opinion of others may be, I long since concluded that my knowledge of other men had furnished me no measuring lines wherewith to estimate his full intellectual strength and power.

Mr. Christie was bred to the common law, and his admiration for that noble science, for its severe methods, its intricate reasonings, and for its august uses and capacities as a means of determining right and enforcing justice in civilized society, was unbounded. For many years previous to his death he must have been the greatest living expositor among us of the common law of England, which Lord Coke called "the perfection of reason." He did not take kindly to the modern codes of practice, which, in his opinion, degraded the study of the law from a science to a trade, the tools of which any rude and untrained hand might wield. Nor was he in love any the more with the systems of equity, which during the last fifty years have so much usurped the province and superseded, whether or not they have enlarged, the uses of the common law, and supplanted the forms of procedure which had received the sanction of so many generations of great lawyers and judges. He seldom resorted to it in practice, and I have heard him on more than one occasion express his distrust of and impatience with the loose methods of equity procedure by reference to the well-known saying of Selden, that "equity is according to the conscience of him that is chancellor, and as that is larger or narrower, so is equity. 'Tis all one as if they should make the standard for the measure we call a foot a chancellor's foot; what an uncertain measure would this be? One chancellor has a long foot, another a short foot, a third an indifferent foot. 'Tis the same in the chancellor's conscience."

Of course it was a necessary and inevitable corollary of

such views that he should be conservative, and slow to sanction a departure from the settled principles of law and decisions of the courts. But although *stare decisis* was his motto, no man was more bold and fearless than he in attacking anything which he was profoundly convinced was wrong, or unsupported by reason. The certainty of the law was to him of inestimable value, but he held firmly to the letter and spirit of the maxim of the great judgment in *Coggs v. Bernard*, that "nothing is law that is not reason."

Such a man, so lavishly endowed by nature, so equipped by study and reflection, and filling so large a space in the public eye, could not fail to impress himself upon the judicial history of his time. An examination of our reports covering the period of his active professional life, will prove that he has left his mark upon those discussions and adjudications which have fashioned the jurisprudence of our state, and rounded out the body of law here framed in statutes and decisions into harmonious proportions that command the respect of the profession and of publicists in all parts of America and Europe.

But any sketch of Mr. Christie's character would be imperfect and unjust to his memory which should fail to call attention to the high ethical tone of his professional life. He was the very embodiment of a high professional morality. He had a profound reverence for the law, and he would as soon have poisoned his neighbor's spring, as knowingly corrupt the fountains of justice, two atrocities which my Lord Bacon has somewhere, I believe, compared and likened. The same great philosopher and moralist lays it down that "the greatest trust between man and man is the trust of giving counsel;" and the celebrated barrister, Charles Phillips, said that "the moment counsel accepts a brief, every faculty he possesses becomes his client's property. It is an implied contract between him and the man who trusts him." Mr. Christie fully accepted this code of professional obligation, and his surrender of

himself and all his powers to his client was as complete and absolute as it could be, consistently with the restraints of truth and honor. When he accepted his brief, whether the case was small or large, his client rich or poor, that client knew that he had secured all that there was of him,—his large brain, his unrivalled industry, his patience in research, his infinite attention to details, and that nothing which lay in human power would be spared to insure success. The members of this bar will recall memorable instances of this conscientious fidelity to his client and his cause, where he expended the energies of a giant upon causes of slight importance in which nothing of moment was involved.

He also had a great respect and deference for the bench, and was loftily above the meanness of attempting to influence the court improperly, or to secure its approval of his views by any other means than the soundness of his argument and the justice of his cause. No man ever more scrupulously kept the oath, and every part of it, which the attorney of the court takes when he assumes the duties of his office.

He employed his efforts and influence to raise and purify the character of the profession, “ancient as magistracy and necessary as justice;” and no maxim was more insisted upon by him than that which “holds every man a debtor to his profession, from the which as men of course do seek to receive countenance and profit, so ought they of duty to endeavor themselves by way of amends to be a help and ornament thereunto.” I know whereof I speak, because personal observation has taught me that he never prostituted his great powers to improper or even questionable purposes. In those delicate questions of professional duty which arise in every extended practice, he gave the doubt against his own interest. There were classes of cases, especially certain defences, in which, influenced by high views of public morality and policy, he invariably refused to accept a retainer, without, however, imputing anything

improper or unprofessional to others who entertained opinions and adopted practices less fastidious in that regard. Nothing would induce him to appear in any capacity which could be construed into an apology for certain offences against the law. In this I am aware that he differed *toto cælo* from other lawyers not less eminent, and not less honorable, perhaps, than himself—and I only mention it as a certain proof of his high and scrupulous character as an advocate, and that he thought the duties of good citizenship were paramount to every personal consideration. He believed a lawyer's honor was his brightest jewel, and to be kept unsullied, even by the breath of suspicion. He was straightforward, honorable, and sincere to the last degree. He had no covert or indirect ways. He had no arts but manly arts; and sooner than any man I ever knew would I select him as a model to be imitated in this respect.

There is one thing which, at the risk of being tedious, I wish specially to note to-day, and which I feel called upon to say in behalf of the many men who have sat at the feet of this Gamaliel of the law. In the name of all the generations of his students I wish to bear testimony that in the relation of master and pupil he was one of the most instructive, entertaining, kind, and indulgent men in the world. In his office the austerity which he wore in public largely disappeared. The bow was unbent, and his treatment of his students, without distinction of persons, was marked by a uniform high courtesy, respect, and familiar unrestraint. He was ever ready to pour out his knowledge, the matured fruits of his experience and labor, in copious streams of delightful talk and reminiscence, in which he brought back vividly before the listener the varied incidents of his long professional career, his contests at the bar, his personal recollections of great men, and the circumstances attending the settlement, one by one, of the main principles of our jurisprudence. At such times, when the springs of his rich and inexhaustible memory were unlocked, he would come nearer to neglecting business and clients than on any other

occasion, as he turned aside to linger with the scenes that came trooping from the chambers of the past. No one, I venture to say, who has ever enjoyed the rare privilege of being his pupil, will fail to appreciate and endorse what I now say, and to recall some hours thus spent as among the most valuable and best of his life. He treated his young men with a kindly interest, with helpfulness, and indulgence towards weakness, inexperience, and ignorance of the law, and followed them through life with an affectionate regard, never hearing any good of them without rejoicing, nor any ill without sorrow and incredulity. These generous offices entitled him, so far as every one of them is concerned, to a lasting remembrance of the heart—to a personal attachment, admiration, and veneration which never failed him in life, and is testified to-day by the sincere affection of every man who ever sat at his feet and learned of him.

There was something very remarkable in the manner of his teaching. It is one of the distinguishing and certain marks of greatness in a man that he is in essential respects unlike all other men. I think the acknowledged great men of history all respond to this test. Mr. Christie was emphatically a man of that stamp. Who was ever like him? He was in all respects *sui generis*. In his personal character, his habits of mind, his methods of investigation, he was grand, solitary, and peculiar, and his image stands out among lawyers as clear and distinct as that of William Pinckney, or Jeremiah Mason, or Daniel Webster, or Rufus Choate. And in such a powerful manner did he impress his characteristics upon his pupils that he may be almost said to have been the founder of a school of legal study and dialectics, as Socrates was of a philosophy of investigation, and his was as severe, and rigid, and thorough. There have been many, indeed, who looked upon him as their intellectual father—many illustrious names who have preceded him to the grave, and others who still live to be the lights of the bar and the forum. Although he imparted

facts and principles with a lavish hand, it was, after all, the spirit of his teachings which was of most value to the student. Those of us who are grateful to him, and to the influence of his mind and character, as many of us are, for what we feel to be best and most valuable in our culture and training, are grateful not so much for any direct precepts as for that inspiring lift which only genius can supply to the faculties. He fecundated all minds that came under his sway, and so contagious were his elevated morality and his ardor in the pursuit of truth, that any pupil of his who should not exhibit some of his characteristics in his life and career would indeed be unintelligent or morally depraved.

If I could linger to do so, I might recount Mr. Christie's career in other spheres of business, and find in it titles quite as high to the honor and respect of the community as he won for himself in his chosen profession. He was an officer for many years in several of our largest corporations, and discharged his responsibilities in that capacity with the same high scrupulousness, the same industry, and the same conscientious fidelity to his trust which actuated him in the law. He impressed all the financial institutions in which he had any directory part, for their good, and ours, and the good of the community, with the stamp of his own sturdy integrity, solidity, and soundness. In fine, upon whatever theatre of action he moved, he exhibited a grandeur and individuality of character, a high principle and nice sense of honor, which made him worthy of the imitation of all who are to succeed him in the high places of life. He had in a large degree the home-bred virtues of his Scotch-Irish ancestry, mingled with much of the spirit and flavor of the great men of antiquity—the indomitable will—the severe simplicity—the rugged integrity—the uncompromising hatred of dishonesty and wrong—the genuine contempt for weakness and pretense—the austere private virtue—the unconsciousness of great genius.

In this hasty and imperfect sketch of Mr. Christie's

characteristics I have but one thing further to present, and I am glad that I am not obliged to close without saying this which ought most to endear him to the common men and women whom he has left behind him. I am able to say from personal knowledge what is confirmed by affectionate unanimity by his family, that in the home circle he was always sweet, kind, considerate, and indulgent. The private life of many a man of genius is a domain which cannot be entered with safety, or prudence, or delicacy. How different it was with Mr. Christie! Here is no forbidden ground—and how thankful to God we are and ought to be to-day, that here was one great and famous man, upon every hour and act of whose private life and intercourse with friends and family the light of noon-day might be turned with microscopic power and find no stain or impurity. That he was upright, exemplary, and decorous before the world, we all know. But he was more. He was sound and sweet to the core. He had a singular, almost infantile, guilelessness of mind, and cleanness of speech and imagination. The inevitable contact with vice and depravity which came to him through the varied experiences of a long life, passed in attending to the concerns of others, had left him pure, and innocent, and uncontaminated. He was like “the sun, which passeth through pollutions and itself remains as pure as before.” In this respect he was fortunate beyond most men. Suspicion never assailed his private life, and slander fled abashed from his presence.

I am not here to say that Mr. Christie was without faults. To say that, would be to think and ask others to believe him more than human. But they were fewer than ordinarily fall to the lot of men, and bore the impress of his great faculties, and his life of arduous labor and self-dependence. It is a singular fact that while his foibles were such as to be apparent to the casual observer, some of his virtues were known only to those who knew intimately the tenor of his daily life. Those who knew him best most

unreservedly respected and admired him. He took no pains to conceal himself. He never courted or flattered the people. He cared not for applause—and if he loved and sought wealth, he sought it by no unworthy means, and lived and died with clean hands.

As I recall his last days I cannot fail to recognize how fitting and satisfactory was the manner of his death. He had laid off the harness of his busy professional life, and sat down in the evening of his days by his own fireside, in the sacred seclusion of that family circle of whose social affections he was the endeared and venerated centre. But the great mind could not be inactive, and he turned with delight from “the gladsome light of jurisprudence” to some of the enchanting English authors whose enjoyments had been denied him by the cares and exactions of a busy career. I am told that Scott and Dickens and Thackeray and our other English classics were the charm and consolation of his last years, and were enjoyed with the keen relish of that untainted and receptive mind. In the midst of these becoming diversions, not unmingled with studies in the domain of the august profession which he so much loved, he was called away from these scenes.

“Oh, fallen at length, that tower of strength,
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blow!”

The Nestor of our bar is dead—

“*Clarum et venerabile nomen!*”

and, now that he is gone, we feel and see what a large space he filled in the ranks of the profession. Certainly it may appropriately be said of him, as was said of Jeremiah Mason by his great compeer, Rufus Choate: “He is dead; and although here and there a kindred mind—here and there, rarer still, a coeval mind—survives, he has left no one, beyond his immediate blood and race, who in the least degree resembles him.”

I rejoice with his friends, as all must, that until the last hour of his long and useful life, until disease struck him, as it were in a moment, from the list of the living, his eye was undimmed and his wonderful faculties wholly unimpaired. Endowed by nature with a vigorous constitution, and temperate, upright, and abstemious in his habits ever, he had suffered scarcely an hour of sickness during his entire life, and up to almost the very moment of its fall there were no signs of dilapidation in that stately edifice. His majestic presence was in our streets, the venerable object of all men's respect and regard.

“The monumental pomp of age
Was with this goodly Personage;
A statue undepressed in size,
Unbent, which rather seemed to rise
In open victory o'er the weight
Of eighty years, to loftier height.”

And so, at last, after a life of honor, of integrity, of purity, of strenuous exertion, all crowned by a renown sufficient to fill and which did fill and satisfy a reasonable ambition, he has fallen on sleep. Folding his arms upon his breast, his change came to him as calmly and serenely as a summer sunset mellows the scene and gilds the close of a brave and beautiful day.

“Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.”

To speak the truth of Mr. Christie, in such fashion as I can, is to me a labor of love. Although in earlier years I was an occasional spectator of some of the forensic contests in which he won his fame, I was not honored by his personal acquaintance till about eighteen years ago, when I became a student in his office. He was then at the zenith of his power and reputation, and the high estimate I had

already formed of his abilities and his character was heightened day by day by the knowledge which I gained of him in an intercourse which lasted many years—which I may perhaps without vanity style an intimacy—and which suffered no interruption till the day of his death. If I may be allowed a word of sensibility personal to myself, I would say that he was so uniformly kind and gracious and condescending to me, from the first hour of our acquaintance, that I felt his death an irreparable personal loss, and was a sincere mourner at his grave. And as I linger a moment to drop a tear on his bier, I feel an unfeigned sorrow that I cannot pay a more suitable and adequate tribute to his extraordinary genius and the rare virtues of his character. But only kindred minds are able to portray the qualities of such a mind and heart, and I console myself for failure with the reflection that but few remain who can appreciate and delineate for the coming generations a man so largely moulded and so richly gifted as he.

EDWARD F. NOYES.

[From the *Dover Republican* of September 6, 1890. Governor Noyes died September 4, 1890.]

I think it was Edmund Burke who once said of a friend that "he had n't a fault in the world that did not arise from the excess of some good quality." As I think, with a poignant personal grief, of the manly form of Edward F. Noyes lying cold in death to-day in that desolated home in Ohio, but lately so warm and bright with his presence, I am reminded of this high encomium as being almost literally due to that knightly gentleman whose intimate friendship I have enjoyed for nearly forty years. The sketch in the *Republican* this evening leaves little to be said touching the details of his life. It outlines with absolute correctness the events of his early days and his military, political, and judicial career. But to those who have known him intimately for so many years, somewhat seems to be wanting of tribute to his remarkable personality. I will not here indulge in reminiscences of his boyhood, or review my own first glimpse of him,

" In life's morning march,
When my bosom was young."

Suffice it to say that from his earliest years he was everywhere a delightful and controlling presence, impressing favorably all who came within reach of his influence. In college he was the most popular and noticeable man in his

class, and gave promise of the future distinction which he attained. In 1856, while still an undergraduate, he took the stump for Fremont, and attracted wide and admiring attention as a youthful orator.

Going to Cincinnati, by accident in 1857, he soon became a favorite in that rich, refined, and elegant city, was admitted to the bar, and had already entered upon a successful career, when the war opened the way for him, as for many another young man, to another destiny. An ardent anti-slavery man and Republican, he entered the military service in 1861 as major of the 39th Ohio Volunteers, was with his regiment in many battles in the campaigns of the west, and rose by rapid promotions to be its colonel. On the 4th of July, 1864, serving under Sherman, and leading a gallant charge at Ruff's Mills on the Chattahoochee river in Georgia, he was severely wounded, and in consequence lost a leg. The limb was amputated on the field, but so unskillfully that it had to be again amputated twice in the hospital, causing him to suffer the most excruciating agony, which he barely survived. He was brevetted brigadier-general in 1865.

On his partial recovery from his wounds, crippled and penniless, his outlook for the future was, as I have heard him say, very desperate; but the people of Cincinnati, who never afterwards failed him, rallied to his support, and in 1865 and 1867 elected him successively to the offices of city solicitor of Cincinnati, and judge of probate of Hamilton County. The latter office was lucrative, and tided him over his time of distress and difficulty. So faithful were his services and so conspicuous his talents that he was chosen governor of Ohio in 1871, but for no fault of his, but through the over-confidence of his party in the "off year," 1873, he was defeated by a few votes by the celebrated William Allen. This was a severe blow to him, and perhaps the turning point in his fortunes; for many of the most discerning commentators upon public events have said and believed that if Governor Noyes had been

reëlected in 1873 he would have been nominated and elected president of the United States in 1876, instead of Rutherford B. Hayes.

Prompted by strong personal friendship, as well as by appreciation of his abilities and recognition of the brilliant services he rendered to him and the party in the campaign of 1876, President Hayes made Governor Noyes United States minister to France, and he held that place, combining its duties with extensive foreign travel, from 1877 to 1881. In Paris his house was the centre of an elegant and profuse hospitality, and a delightful place for all Americans. No man has ever performed all the diplomatic and social duties of that high position more thoroughly, or more to the credit of his country than he.

His career, subsequent to his resignation in 1881, is recounted accurately in the *Republican*. Considered intellectually, Governor Noyes was a very strong man. Not ordinarily a very close or laborious student, he yet had the capacity to thoroughly master any subject in hand at very short notice, and never fell short of the demands of any situation in which he found himself placed. For example, his political life had withdrawn him largely from the study of the law, and when recently chosen to the bench of the superior court of Cincinnati, he was, of course, not fresh in the knowledge of the books and precedents. But he immediately applied himself to the requirements of the position, and with such great and immediate success that, by the universal accord of bench, bar, and people, he in a short time became an accomplished judge, and at his death was laying the foundation of a splendid judicial reputation.

But public speaking was the passion of his life. In early youth, when a printer's apprentice here in Dover, he was deeply interested in amateur theatricals and the practice of elocution. This practice was the basis of his great subsequent success as a public speaker. He became one of the finest orators of the country. His enthusiastic and

magnetic nature, his noble heart, his warm imagination, his elevated sentiments, his broad and deep sympathies, his rare wit and humor, his rich voice, his fine culture, and study of the best models,—all these united to form an orator of the highest order, sought and welcomed on every platform. His efforts before great popular audiences seeking light and guidance upon political questions, as well as his occasional efforts of another kind, like his speech nominating Mr. Hayes for the presidency at the Cincinnati convention in 1876, his eulogy on Grant at Music Hall in 1885, and his oration at the dedication of the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce in 1888, were such as to give him great fame, which will be of an enduring character. His eloquence was warm, impassioned, and glowing, like his nature—and thousands who have been roused and electrified by his speech will never cease to rank him among the first of our great orators.

But his friends loved the man more than the orator. My pen will not essay to paint the charm of his chivalric bearing, his princely, almost reckless, generosity, his overflowing hospitality, his delight in the presence and entertainment of his friends. He was a fascinating man in private life, a genial companion, a magnificent *raconteur*, a gentleman in his manners and language, and of such vivacity and brilliancy as made him the admired centre of every social circle in which he moved. He was a public-spirited citizen, a good husband, devotedly attached to his home, a fond father, and a faithful and loyal friend. As his popular manners, known sincerity, and eloquent speech swayed the people, so his noble inherent qualities of head and heart enchained his personal friends.

But alas! all this genius, all this oratorical achievement, all this warm affection, this genial presence, this flowing courtesy and abandon which were so genuine an effluence of the generous heart within—all these, and how can we ever forget them?—are hidden in a too early grave!

But,

“To live in hearts we leave behind,
Is not to die.”

These precious memories and impressive admonitions should not and will not be lost upon the many men and women all over the land who had learned to love Edward F. Noyes. To those of us of his age the shadows of life are rapidly lengthening. In the short span that still remains, shall we ever see another combining so attractively nearly all the human traits that command attachment and admiration?

Statesman, soldier, patriot, orator, jurist, friend of my early and later days, farewell!

ANDREW H. YOUNG.

[From the *Dover Republican* of Dec. 15, 1890. Col. Young died Dec. 10, 1890.]

I have not felt that I could write anything about this dear and valued friend. I venture upon a few words with great reluctance. My intimacy with him was such as men shrink from displaying to the public gaze; but at the same time it gave me a view of his character vouchsafed to only a few of his dearest friends.

Those who have written of him within a few days past have recorded an appreciative estimate of his virtues, and his reputation is one of which his family and friends can find no cause to complain. But I have known him for nearly fifty years, and by seeing him often, and under many circumstances, in domestic, civil, and military life, have become possessed of the secrets of his character as far as those are ever imparted to a friend.

Col. Young was fortunate in his birth and early training in a country town, and of a good family stock. His father was a man noted for his shrewd mother wit, sound judgment, and practical ability. He inherited all these qualities from his father in a high degree, and supplemented them with a fair education, an early introduction to affairs, and a more than usually full acquaintance with prominent men in all departments of life. I have heard men say not infrequently that a higher education would have made him a much greater man. I do not regard this as at all certain. Education long-continued in the schools sometimes overlays and smothers, or impairs, or fetters great natural capa-

city. In other words the powers of some men do not work so effectively under the added restraints and severities of taste and self-criticism, as without them. I have known more than one man who would have been a much greater force in the world if he had had less of the mere book-learning which we insist upon calling education. In the case of Col. Young, able and successful man as he was, wielding a large influence in the community, and generally wielding it for good, I am quite prepared to believe that his powers had freer play and easier scope than if he had delved for years among Greek and Latin roots, and the mysteries of the ologies. But this is a province of mere conjecture, and as we stand at the end of his completed life, it is impossible to tell what "might have been,"—and we have little interest in the inquiry, since we are so well satisfied with what he was.

Col. Young took easy rank among intellectual men. He had an inquiring and receptive mind, was a great reader, and remembered with a good deal of tenacity what he had once learned. Consequently he always left the impression of a man of strong intelligence and wide and varied information. He appreciated fully the highest things and best people, and was a bright, original, witty, and interesting writer. Many of his letters, some addressed to me and some to others, have been read and re-read, and given delight to large circles of friends.

His youth comes up vividly before me. In his early years he worked on the farm and worked hard. He drove oxen and I drove horses to Dover at the same time. We often met and greeted each other on the road; we met at the church door, at the singing school, the spelling school, the donation party, at social gatherings, and the country lyceum, and thus formed that early friendship which has never suffered an interruption, and has been one of the chief comforts and supports of my life. He took an early interest in politics, but was condemned to the minority for a number of years. His first opportunity for a broader life

presented itself in the great political revolution whose first wave broke over New Hampshire in 1855. He was not slow to avail himself of it, and easily stepped to the very front of the movement in Barrington and the county of Strafford. He was elected register of deeds, and since then has enjoyed public preferment a good part of the time. He had to fight his way, however, from the start. Some short-sighted and a few envious people were jealous of that influence upon those around him, and upon the course of events, which he exerted as naturally and easily as he drew breath. He rarely failed to disarm the hostility of the men he came in contact with. His geniality, his unfailing good nature, his rich fund of anecdote, and his invincible determination to have no personal difficulty with anybody, always brought him off conqueror of men's hearts. I recall but one prominent man who was irreconcilable to the end. Even he loved him—but he could n't abide the idea that an upstart from Barrington should, by finesse, and skill, and good fellowship, and a profound understanding of men, wrest caucuses and conventions out of his hand, with such consummate ease.

I do not think Col. Young ever suffered any discredit, except the supposed disgrace of being a "politician." He belonged to that much misunderstood and much abused class, and the head and front of his offending, in the eyes of many, was that he was a skilful and successful one. But he was a politician whose aims were statesmanlike for he had a large comprehension of public affairs, and sought to make his own profound convictions the policy of the country. This was the only austerity in his character—his deep and ineradicable devotion to the party connection to which he belonged. In almost all things else he was compliant and flexible—but this line he would not bend. In politics he was no trimmer, no compromiser, nor time-server. His methods were honorable. I speak of what I know. He knew how to handle men, and to accomplish results. He was very adroit, fertile in resources, and hard

to throw. But he generally reached the desired end—always a good one, so far as I know—without unfair treatment of political friends or adversaries. He accomplished his purpose by the use of those resources with which he was so richly endowed,—good sense, sagacity, good nature, and

“A wit in the combat, which, gentle as bright,
Ne’er carried a heart-stain away on its blade.”

I am afraid we have fewer honorable politicians now than we did in our young days. The issues have dwindled and lost moral character. The trumpet note to great actions sounds not out its summons so clearly now as then. “The age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded.” We had great battles to fight from 1855 to 1872, and without “politicians” to keep the rudder true, the Republic would have gone down, and civilization and humanity have been buried with it in a common grave.

Some of the men who sneer now-a-days at the “politicians” of that period, know better and are contemptible; but the neophytes of to-day know no better and are only to blame for their ignorance.

There seems no occasion to dwell with biographical minuteness upon the main incidents of Colonel Young’s life. These have been given with accuracy in what the papers have said of him since his death. I seek only to note some of his personal traits, as I have already, and in speaking of those I know that I voice the feelings and sentiments of many men prominent in public life to whom the tidings of his departure have brought a poignant personal grief.

One of his rarest peculiarities was the faculty of making himself agreeable to everybody. He had a great memory, and was a picturesque story-teller. He entered most happily into the varying moods and interests of different men. He was genial and companionable to the highest degree

and his society was coveted by many great men. Our late townsman, John P. Hale, was particularly fond of him. He liked to be with him, to walk with him, to ride with him, to spend long evenings with him; and it was a treat to be with them and hear the interchange of pleasantries between men so naturally humorous as they. I recall many delightful evenings in Mr. Hale's then unbroken family circle, when the badinage and repartee were enjoyable to the last degree. Mr. Hale, with that love of trees which made him wish to have one in every place large enough to hold it, actually planted with his own hand the trees that now shade Colonel Young's grave at Pine Hill; and if I am not mistaken, Colonel Young reciprocated the compliment by planting some of those that now wave over the great senator.

Our other departed friend, Edward H. Rollins, always loved and trusted, enjoyed and leaned on him.

The late Gov. Edward F. Noyes, brilliant, eloquent, and famous man, noble patriot, brave soldier, peerless orator, loved him like a brother, and watched over him only a few months ago in a critical illness in Kentucky, with all the assiduity of affection and esteem. What a commentary upon the instability of human life! for Governor Noyes, then in perfect health, has preceded him by three months to the tomb. I think he was profoundly and seriously impressed by Governor Noyes's sudden death.

Among his numerous living friends eminent in public life I may mention Senators Blair and Chandler, ex-Senators Cragin, Bell, and Cheney, ex-Governors Smyth, Sawyer, and Prescott, and indeed all our ex-governors, senators, and congressmen of these late years, besides General Batchelder, quartermaster-general, U. S. A., and a host of friends of high rank in the army.

His pastor, Rev. Geo. E. Hall, to whom he was devotedly attached, at his obsequies very properly and most feelingly alluded to his deep and constant interest in the old First Parish Church, where he attended on divine service,

and paid fitting tribute to his remarkable capacity for personal friendship. In this connection he read an impressive letter from Rev. Dr. George B. Spalding who also carried Colonel Young deep down in his heart. In it he justly said, "I have rarely known a man possessed of so many traits which call out our love and highest esteem."

Colonel Young took an interest in the town where we were born, and loved the old paternal acres and the old neighbors and townsmen all, and no one of them will hear of his departure without sorrow.

He was a conscientious public officer. In many offices of high responsibility involving the handling of large amounts of public money he was incorruptibly honest, and accounted scrupulously for every dollar. The last work of his life was the erection and fitting up of the government barracks at Newport, Ky. He took great pride in it, and worked hard, perhaps fatally, at the task. He did the work so as to earn the unqualified approval of the war department, and with signal economy and honesty of disbursement.

He was proud of the service in which he was engaged. He prized his record as a soldier, and was attached to a host of soldier friends and comrades only in a less degree than to the glorious flag under which he served. It was appropriate that the Grand Army of the Republic should pronounce its superb burial service over him as he slept his last sleep, with the emblem of the Loyal Legion of the United States shining on his breast.

Above all he was a loyal and true-hearted friend, and merited all the personal friendship which he inspired in others. Under an exterior of somewhat careless indifference he hid a deep affection for wife and children, brothers, sisters, and all kindred. Those offices of love and helpfulness which he never failed to give them were repaid in his last days by a devotion on the part of his family which was as touching as beautiful.

After all, how little can I convey any true impression of

this well-known and much-admired man. Only a desultory word, touching here and there his prominent characteristics, that is all I have said or can say. So close was he to me, so thoroughly entwined in all my interests and pursuits, so sympathetic with all that I desired and strove for, so solicitous for my family, so unfailing a resource in every time of trouble, that I feel that outside of my own domestic circle there is not another such loss in store for me as I have sustained in his too early death.

“In love surpassing that of brothers,
We walked, O friend, from childhood’s day;
And looking back o’er fifty summers,
Our footprints track a common way.”

As he lay in his coffin, amid the profusion of flowers, the roses, and lilies, and ivy chaplets with which affection had surrounded him, and we looked upon his face for the last time, there was a tranquility upon it which was beautiful. • It was but the reflection of his kindly, sunny, and loving nature.

And again as we committed him to the earth on that cold, bleak, winter day, we who had known and been loved by him in life felt that we had

“. . . made him a grave too cold and damp,
For a heart so warm and true.”

But in his last hours we had talked of meeting again in the land of light, and as one by one we lay away our beloved, we live in that faith till the resurrection morn.

ORATION.

[Delivered at the dedication of the soldiers' and sailors' monument,
Derry, N. H., Oct. 1, 1889.]

MR. PRESIDENT, COMRADES, AND FRIENDS: In a quite uncommon sense we stand on holy ground, and in addressing the citizens of this ancient and honorable township, any man would be insensible to the highest suggestions of the place and occasion if he were not mindful constantly of your illustrious origin and your noble and heroic history. No town in America can boast a better ancestry than this, and you trace your lineage back through strains of the best blood that was ever employed in the foundation of a state. As this is not an occasion, however, for minute or comprehensive historical treatment, we may not linger long even with the precious memory of your Scotch-Irish ancestors who founded old Londonderry here in the wilderness 170 years ago. That emigration was in its characteristics strikingly different from the germ of nearly all colonial settlements. Your forefathers came here, not as the immigrant now comes, in sheer want and stress of food and shelter, but from better lands than could here be had, and from all the comfort and plenty which the best people in Europe then enjoyed. They came, not from a mere physical necessity to gain the means of supporting life, but from a higher compulsion, the necessity of the soul, the obligation which the Providence of God lays on great men and great races in all ages to plant and propagate and disseminate their principles, to found states, and to build themselves into the work of their time and the ever-progressive life of the world. A

most impressive fact is found in the reasons given by the Rev. James McGregor, the first minister of Londonderry, for the removal of the little band to whom he ministered to America, the chiefest of which were "to avoid oppression, to shun persecution, and to have an opportunity of worshiping God according to the dictates of conscience." And not less striking is the fact that the memorial of the "Inhabitants of y^e North of Ireland" to Governor Shute, of Massachusetts, preliminary to the emigration, setting forth their desire and purpose to remove to America if sufficient encouragement should be given, was signed by 217 men, of whom all but seven signed their own names. Nine of them were ministers of the gospel, and three of them graduates of the University of Scotland. This demonstrates that the original nucleus of this population, which stands before me now the consummate flower of the best life that the progress of mankind has developed, was of exceptional intelligence, and of the highest order the world then afforded. They were Puritans, and the description of them in the world-renowned passage of Macaulay still remains the most graphic and truthful thing that has been said of what he styles "the most remarkable body of men which the world has ever produced."

"The Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being, for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know him, to serve him, to enjoy him, was with them the great end of existence. They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on his intolerable brightness, and to commune with him face to face. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions. The

difference between the greatest and the meanest of mankind seemed to vanish, when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognized no title to superiority but his favor; and confident of that favor, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems crowns of glory which should never fade away. On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt; for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language, nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. . . . Thus the Puritan was made up of two different men, the one all self-abasement, penitence, gratitude, passion; the other proud, calm, inflexible, sagacious. He prostrated himself in the dust before his Maker; but he set his foot on the neck of his king. . . . He espoused the cause of civil liberty mainly because it was the cause of religion. . . . People who saw nothing of the godly but their uncouth visages, and heard nothing from them but their groans and their whining hymns, might laugh at them. But those had little reason to laugh who encountered them in the hall of debate, or in the field of battle."

The progress of the township for fifty or sixty years after its settlement affords one of the best illustrations in our colonial history of the working out of these Puritan principles. The men who came here were men of great mental and physical strength, and exemplified in a remarkable manner the traits ascribed to them by the brilliant historian. Transplanted from cultivated Europe to this unbroken wil-

derness, their outward circumstances were of the hardest and severest character, and without unremitting industry, without patience and pluck and probity, the settlement must have perished out of hand. They addressed themselves to the trials and hardships and dangers of their chosen lot, and soon brought an orderly commonwealth out of the primeval chaos that environed them. They built cabins, levelled forests, removed obstructions, and erected saw-mills and grist-mills, those earliest accompaniments of the industrial pioneer. Many of the leading roads of the original town, before its great area was reduced by slicing it out piecemeal to others, were laid out within ten or twenty years of the founding. They wrestled with the giant growths of the centuries, and on their ruins they cleared these fields now smiling with the harvests that are golden in the sun. All this time they had to defend themselves against ferocious beasts and men, as well as subdue the wilderness, although not the least admirable of the traits exhibited by these original settlers were the justice and humanity and forbearance displayed in the treatment of their savage neighbors, which bore legitimate fruit in the practical exemption of the town from Indian massacres from beginning to end, although exposed to all the hazards of an extreme frontier settlement.

They introduced the potato into New England, and the cultivation of flax, the seed of which they had brought with them from Ireland; and as they had been distinguished for the manufacture of linen in their European homes, so they were the pioneers of that industry in the colonies; and the excellence of their product made it a great source of profit, and gave it and them a wide celebrity.

It goes without saying that the provisions for religious worship and instruction were the very earliest attended to. The church was built first, but the school-house was not far behind. *We* might think, perhaps, that these progenitors of ours wasted some of their time in contemplating the joys and torments of the world to come, but no people under their circumstances ever did so much to elevate and dignify.

and brighten the world in which they lived. If the Puritan's eye was fixed on the other world, he by no means forgot his duty in this; and so the school trod closely on the heels of the church, in fact was everywhere established and maintained by its side. The institutions of religion and education were here coeval, and by this is meant the secular education of all the people. Their idea cannot be better expressed than by repeating the words of a distinguished Roman Catholic prelate; and I wish that all the people of his communion would duly weigh them.

Says Archbishop Hughes,—“Next to religion they prized education. If their lot had been cast in some pleasant place of the valley of the Mississippi, they would have sown wheat and educated their children; but as it was, they educated their children, and planted whatever might grow and ripen on that scanty soil with which capricious nature had tricked off and disguised the granite beds beneath. Other colonies would have brought up some of the people to the school; they, if I may be allowed so to express it, let down the school to all the people, not doubting but by so doing the people and the school would rise of themselves.”

Time has shown how fully this conception has been realized in every social state in which their influence has predominated; and your own later educational institutions, which have given the town such an enviable rank, are but the natural outgrowth and development of the ideas that prompted the first common school here established.

With all this broad and liberal and advanced statesmanship, this zealous pursuit of the arts of peace, they were withal a martial race, and in fact so devoted to peace that they would have it even if they had to fight for it. Several of the emigrants of 1719 had been in the memorable siege of Londonderry in 1688, and on that account afterwards enjoyed various exemptions and privileges at the hands of the crown and of their townsmen. In 1725, three Londonderry men were in the Lovewell expedition against the Indians. Robert Rogers, the celebrated Indian Ranger, was

born here in 1727, and John Stark in 1728. The town furnished her quota of men for Louisburg in 1745. She was represented at Crown Point in 1755, and in the expedition to Canada in 1760. Old Londonderry always had on hand her full stock of gunpowder and bullets, and kept them in the meeting-house! The Presbyterians of Londonderry were then a church militant indeed, and one doctrine of the old Presbyterianism which these Covenanters brought from their Scotch and Irish homes they exemplified beyond all others in their civil and military life, and that was "the perseverance of the saints."

During all this time there was carried on here one of the completest democratic governments the world has ever seen. In the town-meeting, where all was done by the vote of the majority, there was the fullest recognition of the brotherhood and equality of men. A study of your town records exhibits a thorough working of the town-meeting, upon which De Tocqueville and Bryce have laid so much stress as the nursery of American liberty and the training-school of American statesmanship; and these records will be an enduring monument to the wisdom of the men whose associated action is there recorded. In view of those records and the visible results of the polity there illustrated, it is not too much, and it is not flattery, to say that this is the most interesting of all the municipalities of New Hampshire, and that around it will ever cluster associations of the rarest attraction to the antiquary, the student, and the statesman.

Under the combined influence of this fifty years of political apprenticeship, this discipline in war, in the rigors of the old New England climate, in peril from wild beasts and still more savage men, in "plain living and high thinking," it is not strange that this town, which had poured out its best blood for the British crown and to wrest and keep the dominion of this great coming empire from the grasp of France, should have become ready to take up arms in defence of her own ancestral rights, the liberties guar-

anted by Magna Charta and the Petition of Right, whenever they should be assailed, even though the ungrateful blow should come from the Mother Country. At an early day nowhere did the sentiment against taxation without representation, against arbitrary exactions and oppressions of every kind, rise higher than here. And so, when no alternative but war or submission remained to the colonies, the town entered resolutely into the conflict of the Revolution. Her sentiment in favor of severing the connection with England was well-nigh universal; all but fifteen readily signed the Association Test, and the Tories who refused were silenced or driven from her borders.

Capt. George Reed, afterwards so distinguished in the war, marched with a full company of his townsmen to Bunker Hill, and in all fully one hundred men of Londonderry were engaged in this first great battle of the Revolution. A company of seventy men from Londonderry were in the battle of Bennington, where the heroic fibre of this town was tested in command as in the ranks, and Mollie Stark did *not* sleep a widow that night. By emigration after emigration from the north of Ireland the settlement had become at that time populous and strong; and under the influence of her principles and the military leadership of Stark and Reed she sent her men to the rescue in every campaign of Washington, and was throughout the backbone of the Revolution in New Hampshire. Although many others were older, and several stronger in numbers and older by nearly a century, yet the fact remains to her imperishable honor that Londonderry from first to last furnished more men to the armies of the Revolution than any other town in New Hampshire. Her contribution to the great struggle in the single person of John Stark was of incalculable value, for under his iron will and magnetic leadership, lit up by the grim pleasantry of his Scotch humor, the flank of the British column of invasion was crushed at Bennington, and the surrender of Burgoyne made inevitable. And thus helping to conquer in the Rev-

olution and to sever the connection with the British empire, there is abundant proof that the people of Londonderry acted under the inspiration of the political traditions, the immemorial rights, and the jealously guarded privileges of the English name. They kept step to the music of Cromwell's Ironsides at Dunbar and Naseby, and won a victory not for themselves alone, but, in the name of the whole English-speaking race, for all mankind.

Time will permit not even an outline of the life and progress of this town for the seventy years following the winning of Independence and the formation of the Constitution. The growth and progress of the American Union during that time are the standing marvel and phenomenon of history. This town kept pace with it, if not in population, certainly in all else that could ennoble and uplift a people. And so at the end of that period we can see that by all the steps of its political life, by all the progressive development of its principles in the town meetings of one hundred and forty years, it had become prepared for the duty of defending its liberty wherever and however assailed; and when the impious hand of treason was raised against that Union, under which all this marvelous growth and progress and happiness had been achieved, and the summons to arms rang out over hill and glen and prairie, the people were too thoroughly matured in the school of liberty, and they knew its value too well, to suffer the nation to be rent asunder by faction or murdered by traitors. The alacrity and patriotism of your response to the call to arms was not the result of accident or whim. "We do not gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles." If, when the test came, truer and nobler men never fought or died for a great cause, it was because they were men nurtured under our government. They were the product of our civilization and institutions. They were the ripe fruit of years of development, of culture, and of civic discipline. The men who went to their country's

defence were not the scum of great cities, not the refuse of a community of many gradations of social rank,—

“The cankers of a calm world and a long peace.”

They were not conscripts forced by the will of rulers, one or many, into a service which was indifferent or repugnant to them,—not such broken, reckless, and worthless waifs of society as float into the standing armies of the world, its Hessians and its hirelings,—not men without social standing, without kinship, who make up in other lands and ages the mercenary legions of ambitious conquerors, or of states steeped in the lust of conquest and power. No such cause appealed to them; no such army came forth in defense of the Union. On the contrary, they were the best blood of these country towns of ours, sons of the best men and women in them, heads of young families, the bone and muscle of the nation, and representative of its best and bravest blood and purpose. They were free men who came of their own free will, and with the solemn but unwavering determination to keep their liberties for themselves and their posterity. They came in no spirit of bravado, in no vain-glory, but seriously, prayerfully, they answered to the call of country, counting all the cost of the service, with a full realization of the dangers and trials before them, but springing to arms, not at the call of a master whom they feared, but of a country they loved and would save, and meeting the duty before them with Luther's glorious words, “I cannot do otherwise, God helping me !”

Such were the men who went out from Derry to fight the battles of the Union. They were “bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh,” your bravest and best, representative of all that was best in your ancestors, and in the society that had grown out of a century of town-meetings, and of liberty such as no nation ever enjoyed before. They embraced every condition of your social life, the learned and the unlearned, the rich and the poor, the proud and the humble; together they rallied around the standard of the Republic,

together they stood, together they fell, and together their names are inscribed on this monumental bronze. They left behind the comforts and sweets of domestic life, the endearments of family and kindred ; they swung on their knapsacks and marched with Sherman across the continent ; they stood among the guns in the smoking lines of Gettysburg ; they plunged into the bloody thickets of the Wilderness ; they swept into the "imminent deadly breach " of Cold Harbor ; they were with Grant when the Confederacy went down at Appomattox. The men of Derry were no laggards and no camp-followers. They faltered in the face of no danger. They went into the front ranks. They pressed into the forlorn hope. They were enrolled in nearly every regiment that New Hampshire sent to the field. In fifteen New Hampshire organizations of troops I find Derry represented, and inscribed on this stone are more than 150 names of the living and the dead who took up arms in the defence of the country. The town spent upwards of \$50,000 in bounties alone, and not only answered every call, but at the end had filled every quota, and had seven men more to her credit towards a call that was never made.

In undertaking to set forth what this town did for the preservation of the Union, we should fall far short of any due estimate of its achievements if we should fail to take into the account a more or less general view of the influences of this settlement upon the character and opinions of other towns and states. From the first, the men who planted themselves here were a restless, enterprising, and adventurous people. They were not content with subduing the forests, the wild beasts, the savage men and the inclemencies of the climate and soil of old Londonderry. Their views extended further, and before the century had closed they had formed settlements in every direction ; and such noble towns as Bedford, Peterborough, New Boston, Antrim, Henniker, Merrimack, Acworth, and Goffstown received accessions from them, and most of these towns and others were started under their auspices. Nor did their movement stop

with our own borders. "Their line has gone out through all the earth." The sons and daughters of Londonderry are found in every state in the Union, from lake to gulf and from shore to shore, carrying with them always the sturdy principles of civil and religious liberty, which they inherit from a manly and God-fearing ancestry, and wherever they have gone in force the church and the school, the symbols of New England civilization, have been planted side by side. In his racy way Mr. Depew says that the secret of the success of the Puritan is his unrest; that he won't stay in one place; that he is the most beneficent of tramps; he never has room enough—he wants the earth. It is obviously true, though spoken in jest. Not content with subduing New England, he turned his conquering footsteps towards the west, and taking New York on his way, he has sown the valley of the Mississippi, the slopes of the Rocky Mountains, and the foot-hills of the Sierras, thick with the stars of empire. The sons of this soil, carrying with them New England training, pluck, and skill, have made their way, by vigor of intellect, energy of character, and high principle, to the front ranks of every department of business, in private and public life, wherever they have gone. In all our Western states and territories, the Puritan has stamped the impress of his principles upon the constitutions and laws. Inured to trials and privations, he has everywhere had the courage of his convictions; and he never went so far west or north, he never planted a ranche so remote or lonely, on snowy summit, or in ragged gulch, or on arid plain, that you did not soon find a church and a school within reach of it. He has planted his banners on every hill-top and sowed the seed of his ideas in every valley, giving to the new world wherever his influence has extended a broad and rational liberty, and making it the perpetual abiding-place of free government. This great influence is the sheer result of character,—and never was there a laboratory like this early life of our ancestors, here in the wilderness, who believed that the fear of God was the beginning and the end of wisdom, never such

a crucible for the melting out of all dross and weakness, and the formation of clear, definite, and uncompromising character,—that logic of character, as Dr. Twichell says, “which might split hairs, but would never split the difference.”

I speak at this moment, perhaps, rather of that composite character, the New England Yankee, who is the resultant of many ancestral forces, and who carries in his veins numerous strains of blood. Many streams of tendency have been lost in the Yankee, but wherever is found an infusion of the Puritan or the Scotch Covenanter, it is the vital principle of the man, and there are found in predominating proportion those traits which I have spoken of as their ruling characteristics, their Christian fortitude, their self-denial, their purity, piety, sincerity, simplicity, their seriousness, their independence, manliness, courage, their indomitable patience and endurance, their perseverance in the face of obstacles, their devotion to duty, their supreme loyalty to conviction.

Therefore in the fullness of time, from this great evolution of character in the Northern states there emerged a man,—the soldier of the Union in the War of the Rebellion, type of the citizenship of towns like this, who was willing to fight, and, if need be, to die for his ideas, for the Commonwealth and the federated Republic that had grown up here in the western world from the seed his ancestors had sown, seed “sown in weakness, but raised in power.”

It was no haphazard, therefore, that the man of New England lineage fought in the Rebellion. He was built that way. He shouldered his musket and locked step with the great army of the Union, for the command rang out to him from every page of the story of his ancestors, and stirred in every pulse of his being. Because it was the habit of his race and the necessity of his soul, he fought for civil and religious liberty, for the emancipation of a race that had been cruelly defrauded of its birthright for 200 years, and for an indissoluble Union of indestructible states.

In fact, the Rebellion itself, in its essence, was an assault, pure and simple, upon New England principles. In the

same year that the Mayflower crossed the ocean, bearing to the western continent the Pilgrim Fathers, another ship buffeted the same sea, and brought with her a cargo of 19 slaves, and landed them at Jamestown, in Virginia. That was the fatal seed of American slavery, the upas tree which struck deep its poisonous root, and threatened so long to overshadow the whole land. Mr. Sumner well said, that in the holds of these two ships were concealed the germs of the War of the Rebellion. The existence of democracy and slavery in the same government was a palpable anomaly, which could only end in violence. They were the lion and the bear in the same cage, each compelled to fight for his life. It was an irrepressible conflict from the beginning. At length slavery, grown insolent, aggressive, and intolerable, raised the standard of revolt and struck at the nation's life. The issue was thus transferred from the senate chamber to the judgment seat of the God of Battles, there to be pleaded in that tongue which alone is understood the world over, the voice of the cannon.

The appeal was made to the descendants of the men who had braved wintry seas and every other terror to found here "a Church without a bishop and a State without a king,"—the men who had stood around the cradle of liberty and rocked her into a glorious maturity. There could be but one answer. The early narrowness and illiberality of the Puritan polity had disappeared; but there had grown with her growth necessarily a peaceful but stern antagonism to the "peculiar institution," and it was the Puritan ideas of education, of freedom, of morality, of public justice, which the South could brook no longer. On one side, the seductions of trade and the temptations of interest urged upon the North a further submission; on the other, were the traditions of a race of men devoted to their liberty, and that "higher law" which Theodore Parker said was "higher than the dome of any state-house," and which Webster in derision said, "soared an eagle's flight above the tops of the Alleghanies." The gage of battle thus thrown down was

promptly taken up, and proclaimed that the men who first feared God knew no other fear. The entire North was in fact infused with the Puritan spirit. De Tocqueville, the French political philosopher, said, fifty years ago, that the United States was only an enlarged New England, and that the men of Plymouth Rock were the men out of whose teeming brains have flowed the ideas that have inspired our life and shaped our national policy, subject only to the resistance of slavery in the southern belt. Therefore, when the fire upon Sumter electrified the nation, it was Plymouth Rock and Londonderry that went marching in the van of battle. New England not only sent the children of her loins, but she went herself; and the Puritan, who had sat in judgment upon kings and brought them to the block, the Puritan, who, as Macaulay says, "prayed with his knee on the neck of the tyrant," never yet stepped upon a field of battle without staying to the finish! And so, after seasons of defeat and despair which made strong men's hearts fail them for fear—when 600 sanguinary battles had been fought, and half a million of the bravest and best in the land had laid down their lives in the struggle,—the victory when it came was a victory of New England; not the triumph of force over force simply, but the victory of ideas and principles which are the birthright of humanity in all lands. As its crowning result, the manacles were struck from the limbs of four million bondmen, and the country was freed at last from the burden of its great sin, when "every drop of blood drawn with the lash had been paid with another drawn with the sword." Viewed in every light, the war was a war for New England principles and ideals, and as it was unprecedented in its proportions, so was it unique in every other respect. No army ever before marched or fought containing so much intelligence, so much moral worth, so much high character, humanity, public spirit, and devotion to country, as that of the American Union. The Union soldier never forgot that he was contending with his brother, with whom he would surely be reconciled, and live in peace and amity and equal-

ity. It was, therefore, not a vandal army; and its record of humanity, magnanimity, and clemency to the conquered puts to shame the record of every other victorious army on the globe. Lee himself said that General Grant's treatment of the Army of Northern Virginia was without a parallel in the history of the civilized world. And when all was over, and the Union stood in triumph over the prostrate cause of its adversary, there were no confiscations, no proscriptions, no attainders, no executions for treason, and no insolent soldiery lording it over the counsels of its own government and the conditions of peace.

It were vain to undertake any discussion of the vast influences for good which have taken their rise in this struggle of ours for a larger liberty. Its beneficent results are seen in the events transpiring all over the world;—in the liberalization of governments and laws; in the loosening grasp of tryannies; in a united Italy; in the union of Germany; in a republican France; in the rising hopes of every down-trodden people; in the regeneration of the East; in the agitations for popular reforms in England; and especially for that inevitable Home Rule everywhere, which we have practised for two centuries, and which is the most momentous discovery in the whole realm of political science. Surely, if our *people* have not emigrated eastward our *ideas* have, and are shaping the policy of the civilized world to-day. Not only have we ourselves entered into a wider, deeper, and richer political life, and feel the pulsations of a mightier national existence throbbing to the farthest extremity of the Republic, but every country in the world to-day is freer on account of our struggle. Institutions have become liberalized, wars have declined, and all peoples have brighter prospects for the future. Every peasant and laborer goes to his couch nightly with an added security against oppression, against war and conscription; and every despot and absolute ruler, I may say with equal truth, with an added insecurity, and with the Damocles sword of popular rights hanging over his head by a slenderer thread.

There is, therefore, a propriety that cannot be questioned in the office of love and commemoration which we are here to discharge to-day. You have met here to mark by a visible symbol your remembrance and affection for those of your own number, who, responding to the common call, gave up their lives for the liberty of all, and have entered into their rest. And not only do you honor those who, having served their own generation, "have fallen on sleep," but also all the living of the great host who stood in battle array for the Republic,—for you have caused all their names to be inscribed on this beautiful shaft, where, as we fondly hope, they may be read in future times, for more than the six generations which found the names of the fallen at Marathon still legible on that illustrious field. How appropriate and harmonious the design,—the solid granite pedestal surmounted by the bronze military figure, emblematic of the austere and grand purpose! And how well you have chosen the site—a place beautiful for situation, with a wide out-look upon hills and valleys that are instinct with noble traditions of work done and suffering borne for free principles!

You do well, and act in a high mood, when you honor these men, one and all. They were worthy descendants of the founders of this goodly town. Most of them were in the flush of early manhood, when the veins tingle with life, and the blood bounds forward, like a river from the hills, towards the great ocean of human activity. In their hearts were all the passion of youth, all the love of life, all the ambitious yearnings for the prizes of a rational existence. Some of them perished after valiant service on many a hard fought field, and when the light of the new day for their country had scarcely begun to dawn out of the perilous night of the great convulsion, pouring out their generous blood, in Mr. Webster's grandeur of phrase, "before they knew whether it would fertilize a land of freedom or of bondage." They honored you and died for you, and you can do no less than to hold them in perpetual remembrance.

This monument which you raise differs widely in its purpose and significance from the massive structures which commemorate the great events of former times. The temples and statues, mausoleums and shrines, pyramids and obelisks of the Old World, while they perpetuate the glory of a few leaders and kings, also mark the inferiority and debasement of the body of the people. It is the glory of our age and country that the people are emerging from their thralldom and at last coming to their great estate. In our modern life, under the influence of universal enlightenment, we have learned that there are no demigods,—that men are but men, and none without touches of human frailty; and as to those in authority under our institutions,

“A breath can make them, as a breath has made.”

We set up no deities, and we confer no orders of nobility, however great the service rendered. In 1813, when Wellington returned from that long wrestle with the power of Napoleon on the Peninsula, England gave him a dukedom and £400,000, or \$2,000,000, which would represent the princely sum of five millions to-day. We did nothing of the kind. We gave Grant the presidency and our undying love and gratitude, but no baubles of wealth and luxury, no pompous title, and no enormous gratuity wrung from the sweat and tears, the poverty and degradation, of the common people. This marks the difference between the England of 1813 and the America of only fifty years later,—the transition from the day of heroes to that of heroism. We reserve our gifts, our gratuities, our charities and tender offices, for the common soldier in the ranks. We have paid already more than a thousand million dollars in pensions, and we are carrying a pension roll of a hundred millions a year, and will continue to carry it without a murmur. We have established Homes for Disabled Veterans in twenty states of the Union, and we spend hundreds of thousands every year for the relief of the widows and orphans of those who counted their own lives not dear if they could

but save this goodly inheritance of free government. It was said of old that the whole earth is the monument of great men. We have come to the understanding that still more truly and essentially is it also the monument of the common people, without whose labor, suffering, and sustaining strength great men could have done but little to subdue the earth and make it the home of civilized man.

It is a felicitous circumstance, which invests this monument with an interest altogether peculiar, that the nucleus of the fund which has created it was donated by Miss Taylor, the noble lady whose life was identified with the educational institutions and the prosperity and honorable name of your town. It is one of the chief titles of the town to the conspicuous position it holds in the world, that here was inaugurated the experiment of a higher education for women in America. Here the movement was commenced which has revolutionized public opinion and ripened into the female seminaries and colleges of our country, which are opening to woman a broader unfolding of her faculties, a larger career, a deeper influence, a profounder respect, and an intellectual and moral destiny matching that of her brother. Very largely are you indebted to the noble women who have lived among you, or been born and bred here, for the impulse which has given you your libraries, academies, and churches. We should be ungenerous to-day not to recognize in the fullest degree the grand part women are taking in modern life. Who does not know that their opinions, sympathies, and support are the vital breath of every good cause? Especially is this true of the temperance cause, of religion in all its bearings, even of politics, and all the charities and works of humanity that denote the high-water mark of our civilization. Every noble enterprise, every honest conviction touching the public welfare, and all the varied interests of society, find the sources of that strength and power in the mind and heart of woman. What the American Union owes to her, the story of woman's part in the war, her work in the hospital, in the sanitary

commission, at the bedside of the sick and dying, her patience, her endurance of sufferings that no man can know as she buckled the armor upon husband, father, son, and lover, and as she followed him in his battles, his wounds, his sickness, and his death,—that can never be told. If this address were wholly devoted to the work of women in the war, even here in our little state of New Hampshire alone it would be impossible to recite her claims to our gratitude and remembrance. Let us rejoice, therefore, that we are indebted to a noble woman for the initial impetus to this memorial, and that the citizens were only required to supplement her benefaction; and let this shaft never be looked upon without a silent tribute of honor and gratitude to Miss Emma L. Taylor, who, alas! has been called up higher, and cannot be with us save in the spirit in this service to-day.

If there be any single lesson which more than any other should be enforced upon us by this occasion, it seems to me that we gain from it a clear realization of our personal duty as citizens. The men whom we commemorate did the duty laid on them with sublime fidelity and courage. But duties vary with occasions. *They* were equal to the emergencies of their day and generation. Happily we are spared the awful necessity of perilling our lives in battle; but there are other calls upon us not less imperative and exigent. The courage which these our comrades displayed on the field of battle is needed now in social life, in politics, in conduct and character, in dealing with the problems that are constantly arising to agitate us anew, and demand of us new labor, devotion, and self-surrender. And how can we better honor the memory of those who gave their lives for the Union, than by showing a like heroism in the civic duties and dangers of to-day and the coming years? We may hope that the race of war is nearly run. The great questions of the future, those

“Unsettled questions that have no pity for the repose of nations,”

are to be settled in peaceful fields and ways, in the realm of debate, in the town-meeting, the discussions of the press, of the platform, and of legislative halls. Such are the questions of temperance, and the slow poison, demoralization and ruin of body and soul to be averted from the nation; the adjustment of the relations of labor and capital, upon which all public economy hinges; the control of great moneyed corporations and combinations, to the end that mammonism shall not dominate the government and subvert public liberty; the question of education, involving the supremacy of the public school and its freedom from sectarian influence and control;—upon the proper solution of these and such questions depend our future peace and harmony. Burke, only a little more than a century ago, spoke of this country of ours as “a little speck, scarce visible in the mass of the national interest, a small seminal principle rather than a formed body, which serves for little more than to amuse us with stories of savage men and uncouth manners.” To-day it embraces sixty millions of people. It is richer by far than any other on the face of the globe, with resources yet undeveloped of colossal magnitude. Its domain is broader than the world over which the Roman eagles flew, its commerce vexes every sea, its colors wave in every breeze, its sails are bathed in the light of the Southern Cross and the constellations of the northern sky, and its influence reaches every cabin and every cabinet in the world. The cause of our estrangement among ourselves is gone; nobody laments its disappearance. The South has rolled the heavy burden from her shoulders, and bounds forward like a strong man to run the race of empire; and, with slavery gone forever, the last pretence has gone for a conflict between the sections, the last bar to equal rights and a universal liberty. But still we find no rest and no escape from the obligations which pursue us ever. “Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.” Even if our own rights are beyond attack, we must not and cannot be stupid and indifferent spectators of the wrongs of others. Let us ever

feel that whenever the rights of the humblest citizen are assailed, the cause for which our comrades died is again menaced, and that until those rights are vindicated and made safe it is our duty to stand again to our guns, and strike, if need be, for the justice and freedom which the Republic represents. Beyond all things, indifference to the problems and duties of our own day is intolerable. I am aware that it has become quite the fashion for some people to disparage our institutions, to depreciate our public men and our political system, and to import their ideas as they do their clothes. This is mischievous and contemptible. When our educated classes come generally to belittle their own country, and count it vulgar to vote and take an interest in politics, the eclipse of our liberties is not far distant. "I have an ambition," says Lord Chatham; "it is the ambition to deliver to my posterity those rights of freedom which I have inherited from my ancestors." This ambition should also be ours. We are debtors, and must remain so, to our ancestors, and we must pay the debt to our posterity. They will justly hold us responsible to transmit the great heritage we have received.

As a perpetual reminder of what is most glorious in our past, as a step towards the perpetuation of all that is best in our national life, and in full confidence that we thus honor our comrades and ourselves, this column is erected to and for and by the common people of this renowned township. Here in their midst, by the firesides for which these men offered their lives, here where it will be seen daily by their neighbors and friends, by their children and children's children, through the coming years, we raise this memorial, this calm and undaunted face of the American volunteer soldier, and we bid it "All hail!" Its pledge to the dead is, that "their bodies are buried in peace, but their name liveth evermore;" and to the living, that while they live, "when the ear hears them it shall bless them, and when the eye sees them it shall give witness to them." Let its high serenity subdue all faction, all intolerance, all fear. Let it

admonish us to be true ; let it lift up our thoughts to gratitude, to patriotism, to unselfishness, to a nobler life !

You have engraved the names of living and dead with equal honor upon this pillar, and in language of Doric simplicity you have dedicated it "in honor of the men of Derry who fought for the Union, 1861-1865." I unite with you in the aspiration that their fame may be fresh and their memory glorious long after Time has erased their names from this tablet, and when the stone itself shall have crumbled to dust.

As yonder sun slowly sinks behind the western horizon, we know that he will again appear, and

"trick his beams,
And flame in the forehead of the morning sky."

So we think of our comrades who fought for the Union, and have gone out from among us in the tempest of battle, and from beds of disease and suffering. We feel irresistibly that their lives have set only to rise again and be "clothed upon with a more glorious body," and that their work for the great cause of Liberty and Light has but just begun.

" In the dream of the Northern poets,
The brave who in battle die
Fight on in shadowy phalanx
In the field of the upper sky ;
And, as we read the sounding rhyme,
The reverent fancy hears
The ghostly ring of the viewless swords,
And the clash of the spectral spears.

" We think with imperious questionings
Of the brothers that we have lost,
And we strive to track in death's mystery
The flight of each valiant ghost.
The Northern myth comes back to us,
And we feel through our sorrow's night
That those young souls are striving still
Somewhere for the truth and light.

" It was not their time for rest and sleep ;
 Their hearts beat high and strong ;
 In their fresh veins the blood of youth
 Was singing its hot, sweet song.
 The open heaven bent over them,
 Mid flowers their lithe feet trod ;
 Their lives lay vivid in light, and blest
 By the smiles of woman and God.

* * * * *

" There is no power in the gloom of hell
 To quench those spirits' fire ;
 There is no charm in the bliss of heaven
 To forbid them not aspire ;
 But somewhere in the eternal plan
 That strength, that life survive,
 And like the files on Lookout's crest,
 Above Death's clouds they strive.

" A chosen corps—they are marching on
 In a wider field than ours ;
 Those bright battalions still fulfil
 The scheme of the heavenly powers ;
 And high brave thoughts float down to us,—
 The echoes of that far fight,
 Like the flash of the distant pickets' guns
 Through the shades of the severing night.

" No fear for them ! In the lower field
 Let us toil with arms unstained,
 That at last we be worthy to stand with them
 On the shining heights they've gained.
 We shall meet and greet in closing ranks,
 In Time's declining sun,
 When the bugles of God shall sound recall,
 And the Battle of Life be won ! "

ADDRESS.

[Delivered at Parnell Meeting, City Hall, Dover, N. H., May 4, 1886.]

MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW-CITIZENS:—I cannot claim a very *intelligent* interest in the important questions this meeting has been called to consider, for I do not profess to have given them that careful study which Irishmen would naturally devote to them. But I am not indifferent to the interests of freedom, wherever they are found, and whenever I refuse to raise my voice in an humble way, in advocacy of the principles of religious and political liberty in all nations, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth. A very grave crisis has arrived in the affairs of Ireland, and her connection with the British empire seems about to be placed on a new basis. After centuries of suffering and wrong, Ireland seems to be on the eve of a political regeneration, through the courage, the eloquence, the energy, the persistency of her sons, and especially of that great leader of these later years, Mr. Parnell. He has unflinchingly held up her banner and voiced her demands, till, all other resources and methods of reducing her to submission failing, at length that magnificent old commoner, Gladstone, yields to the reason, and the conscience, and the necessity of the age, and has formulated a plan of settlement which recognizes the right of the Irish people to a controlling voice in her own concerns—in the laws which are to govern her—and, in his own expressive language, “invests the law in Ireland with the aspect of a native and domestic rather than an alien institution.”

This scheme may not be in every particular well advised, or best calculated to promote the liberty and the nationality

of Ireland; but we must judge the plan as not by any means a perfected one: it is an experiment, it is a step forward, a feeling of the ground before us, as all true statesmanship must be; and as such it seems to me there can be no doubt that it is a step, and the first firm and sensible step for 700 years of controversy, in the right direction. It may and doubtless will have to be modified in its details, both now and from time to time hereafter, as reference shall point out the necessity.

When rightly considered, statesmanship is not a mere matter of theory, but more largely, I may say almost entirely, a matter of experience; and most happily experience has settled some vexed questions in regard to Ireland; among others, that coercion is and must ever be a failure. That has been the policy of England under the domination of the English landed aristocracy for seven centuries. Her policy has been that of coercion of the Irish will by every means in her power: by restrictive commercial regulations, which have ruined her trade, her commerce, and her industries; by religious oppression; by the tyranny of landlords; by penal laws of the cruelest character, making a code of Draconian ferocity only to be enforced by fire and sword. All these have failed to crush the Irish spirit, and her cries for freedom have never ceased, but are to-day louder and more imperative than ever before. That policy has not produced peace, nor prosperity, nor comfort, nor contentment, to say nothing of liberty. On the contrary, there have come of it famine, distress, ignorance, poverty, degradation, disaffection, a sense of wrong, and a bitterness of heart, a national animosity ever on the point of bursting into uncontrollable rebellion, and, in the background, those appalling miseries which give a lurid light to the pages of Irish history.

Therefore Mr. Gladstone starts upon the great measure which he proposes with the advantage of a clear concession that all other plans, at least all opposing plans, have failed; and such is the danger of this Irish question to England

to-day, and such the inexorable necessity of doing *something*, that it is incumbent upon his opponents to either yield to his plan or present a better one.

As we examine this great scheme of Mr. Gladstone's, we can clearly see what a momentous change it involves in the traditional policy of England towards Ireland, but it is a mere recognition which that great man has the manliness and the courage to make of the prevailing currents of political history in the last century. The great political discovery of the last hundred years is that of the federative principle which we in America have put into practical operation, the federation of great political states into one larger state for imperial purposes, while each retains control of all its local affairs, and indeed has supreme authority over most of the concerns of government which affect the happiness and welfare of its people from day to day. That is the American principle. That is the American idea, and under its influence federative republicanism has been making rapid strides in Europe and throughout the civilized world. England has held out firmly against it; but it is a striking fact that many of her greatest men, her philosophic minds, her thinkers, such men as Matthew Arnold, Mr. Froude, and Mr. Labouchere, not to speak of her statesmen, have become converts to this system of government, and are pointing out the absurdity of undertaking to manage all the petty local affairs of the great British empire in one legislative body, the Houses of parliament in Westminster Hall. Therefore all are turning to what is called Home Rule; and Home Rule, the watchword of Irish agitation for some years past, is nothing more nor less than that which is enjoyed by law and, under the constitution of this country, by every state in the American Union.

In considering the scheme of Mr. Gladstone, we in America might think he might and should have more closely copied our own methods of securing Home Rule to the people of our states. But we must bear in mind that the institutions of England, hoary with age, and rooted in the prejudices

of centuries, would perhaps require a complete revolution to adapt them to the application of the federative principle. I have thought, and am still inclined to believe, that Mr. Gladstone has made a mistake in proposing to take away the Irish representation in the British Parliament. It seems to me that Irish peers should sit in the British house of lords as long as that moribund institution is allowed to cumber the ground at all, and especially that Irish members should sit in the house of commons, to take their part in all imperial concerns, all those not included in the jurisdiction of the Irish parliament. Why should they not? They are to be governed by them, and why should they not help make them? Moreover, it appears to me that this would be one of the strongest ties of loyalty imaginable to bind the British islands together in a connection which ought never to be broken.

I believe that the connection between Ireland and England is a natural one, ordained by God and Nature, and that it is not for the interest of either to ever break it. Geographical laws settle it. The whole course of modern history and modern politics is pointing to large states, great political communities under one general government, as the necessity, and the true interest of mankind. In our own time has come about the unification of Italy under the leadership of Cavour, Garibaldi, and Victor Emmanuel, and the consolidation of the German empire under Bismarck and Kaiser William, redounding unquestionably to the power, the glory, the happiness, and the freedom of those great peoples. And our own struggle for the Union twenty years ago, let it never be forgotten, was in the same direction and for the same principle. We fought that there might be only one nation on this continent; we proposed to reënact the laws of Nature which Mr. Webster was unwilling to do; and we vindicated that principle by a lavish expenditure of blood and treasure. But we deemed that system, the union of the states, perfectly consistent with liberty, and we would have stood in line of

battle again, and would now at any moment, against any attempt to deprive the people of any state of that Home Rule, which is the ancestral privilege of each, and the very breath of life of our public liberty. Let us understand this. New Hampshire is a free state, but not in all respects a sovereign state; New York is a free state, but not in all respects a sovereign state; Massachusetts, free and glorious commonwealth as she is, is yet not sovereign. She is a part of a great whole; not a subject part, much less a despised and proletarian member, but an integral part, "bone of its bone, and flesh of its flesh," and partaking of all its life and energy, and glory; not sovereign in all respects, but free in all essential ones and gladly rendering that allegiance to the one great national entity, the United States of America, whose service is perfect freedom. And so, applying the same principles to the union of the British islands, I believe that God has placed them there in the seas together, and destined them to live together forever, and "whom God hath joined, let not man put asunder." But in the name of liberty, let their connection be that of equals, not the connection of the slave and his master, the wolf and the lamb, the lion and his prey. Smarting under the sense of injustice and oppression, and the contempt of a lordly aristocracy, some Irishmen may have sometimes thought and spoken of an utter and everlasting separation from her oppressor, but I do not understand that to be the deliberate desire of her leaders or her people today, or at any time. That measure of liberty, of Home Rule, and participation in the government of the kingdom which is perfectly consistent with the unity of the empire, that I understand is all Mr. Parnell asks, all that the Irish people expect, all that Mr. Gladstone proposes to give. And if I read her history aright, that and that only has been the object of her unceasing struggle for centuries; that only was desired and proclaimed publicly by Flood and Grattan and Plunket and O'Connell, and their illustrious co-workers before and since their time. Grattan especially, whom I

am inclined to think of as almost if not quite the greatest of all Irishmen, never failed to declare the full sympathy of Ireland with England, and the compatibility of an ardent love of independence with a devoted attachment to the connection. He said, "I am desirous above all things, next to the liberty of the country, not to accustom the Irish mind to an alien or suspicious habit with regard to Great Britain." And Burke, the greatest Irishman ever born, if Grattan was not, said, "I would have Ireland governed by Irish notions and Irish prejudices, but I am convinced that the more Ireland is under Irish government, the more she will be bound to English interests." That statement animated Grattan on the 16th of April, 1782, 104 years ago almost to a day, when, after the struggle of many years, he passed through the parted ranks of the Irish volunteers into the old Parliament House of Ireland to move the emancipation of his country. Then it was that he pronounced those glowing words that will dwell forever on the lips and in the memories of men. "I am now," he exclaimed, "to address a free people. Ages have passed away, and this is the first moment in which you could be distinguished by that appellation. I found Ireland on her knees; I watched over her with a paternal solicitude; I have traced her progress from injuries to arms, and from arms to liberty. Ireland is now a nation. In that character I hail her, and, bowing in her august presence, I say *Esto perpetua!*"

That day the independence of Ireland was proclaimed and acquiesced in by the English government. But she was not yet prepared for freedom. Parliamentary reform could not then be accomplished, and eighteen years of systematic bribery and corruption of the Irish Parliament accomplished the union in 1800, and the overthrow of her parliamentary existence. Since then what a nightmare of horrors has been her portion! The never ending tragedy of oppression and wrong, of tyranny and resistance, of hunger and degradation and exile of her children of genius, lit up only by the fierce resistance of her sons, whose hearts were aflame,

and whose lips were on fire with eloquence, as if they had been touched by a coal from the altars of God! She has had her Flood, she has had her Grattan, her Burke, her Curran, her Sheridan, her Emmett, her Phillips, her O'Connell, her O'Brien, her Meagher, and no one of them has been false to Ireland or to Irish independence. They have voiced her oppressions, her clamors for justice, her appeals for liberty, and in her defence, and in her sacred name, they have produced those masterpieces of human speech that will live as long as the English tongue survives, or any read, with beating hearts and streaming eyes, the story of that struggle for liberty which illuminates and consecrates the annals of mankind.

The great men of her past are succeeded today by no unequal footsteps, by Charles Stewart Parnell, who has the blood of Old Ironsides in his veins. By every fair standard Parnell is a very remarkable man; and he has certainly shown a courage, a persistency, a patriotism, a sagacity, never surpassed in any age by a political leader. He has welded together the Irish people in a common purpose as no man ever has before; and Ireland and Irishmen cannot be too grateful to him. I do not understand that he accepts Mr. Gladstone's scheme as any thing more than an installment of the ultimate liberties of his country. But if that bill is really of the nature we believe it to be, if it be the beginning of the end of a long struggle for freedom, if it be the herald of the termination of the strife of seven centuries, if her long night of oppression is about over and a new era for Ireland dawning, then indeed may Parnell, as he takes by universal acclaim the first seat in the *new* Parliament of Ireland, with even more truth than Grattan, say, "At length I address a free people;" and his statue, its foundations already laid deep and strong, will be built, and its capstone placed in every Irish heart the world over.

But, for the grandeur of the prospects now unfolding to Ireland, another name is entitled scarcely less to the applause of Irishmen, the name of William Ewart Glad-

stone. This great man, at the age of seventy-six, the age of conservatism rather than of innovation, after more than fifty years of service in the front rank of English statesmen, after gaining laurels as a scholar and author which would give any man an immortal name, seems destined to make the pacification of Ireland, may I not say the complete reconciliation of England and Ireland, the crowning glory of his long and illustrious public career. This man, taller by the head than his contemporaries, looks over the mountain tops and sees the sun rising and ushering in a better day, before the morning rays have beamed on them and while they are still moping in the shadows of the old night. Sensitive to public opinion, sensitive to the progress of ideas, he discerns that the days of absolutism, that the days of despotic power, of coercion, and of repression, are gone by; and with the courage of his convictions he comes forward and asks that England practise the doctrine she has so often inculcated upon others, that the concession of local self-government is not the way to sap or impair, but the way to strengthen and consolidate unity. And then he adds, in his own lofty language, "I ask that we apply to Ireland that happy experience which we have gained in England and Scotland, where the course of generations has now taught us, not as a dream or a theory but as practice and as life, that the best and surest foundation we can find to build upon is the foundation afforded by the affections, the convictions, and the will of the nation." Edmund Burke, in his well nigh universal prescience, knew this truth a century ago when he wrote, "I am convinced that no reluctant tie can be a strong one, and that a natural, cheerful alliance will be a far more secure link of connection than any principle of subordination borne with grudging and discontent." This is no new truth, but it is Gladstone's title to glory that he was the first English premier to recognize in his dealings with Ireland, and act upon, a truth so profound and important.

. Let us not forget the great land measure, the scheme

for the nationalization of the land, which Mr. Gladstone has introduced along with and as part of his plan of Home Rule. I do not feel qualified, and I do not assume to pass on the merits of the land bill; but every man who understands even the rudiments of the Irish question knows that one of the chief instrumentalities of the oppression and misery of Ireland is the possession of the land by a few aristocrats to the exclusion of the people, and that no effectual reform in the Irish condition can be accomplished without wresting the land from the hands of those who have usurped its ownership. But now our hope is that absenteeism, with all its scandalous wrong and cruelty, the tyranny of grasping landlords, and the eviction of Irish tenants because they cannot pay an impossible rent, all this is to be swept away. God grant that a system so monstrous may not stand upon the order of its going, but go at once; and happy shall we be in America if we awake in season to the imperative obligation to keep God's heritage of the land in the hands of the people and out of the ravenous jaws of capitalists and landsharks.

This at any rate we may now say, whatever may be the fate of Mr. Gladstone's bill in the form in which it is now before parliament and the British people, in any event Ireland will never return to her old condition. A new departure has been taken, coercion is a thing of the past, and Home Rule in some form or other is a certain fact of the future. Mr. Gladstone's action has made that inevitable, and it is my belief that the great body of the workingmen of England, who now hold her sceptre of dominion, will rally round Gladstone, and carry his measure, modified perhaps by the discussion and agitation of the fiery ordeal through which it is passing, triumphantly through the house of commons. It will be a bitter pill for the house of lords, but they won't resist it long. If they do, the men who Matthew Arnold says are "impervious to ideas," will stand a chance to learn something in another way. To speak figuratively, the streets of London will be strewn with the

wrecks of shields and ducal coronets and coats of arms, and such trumpery, as the laborers of England pass to the possession of their inherent rights.

And then will come the crucial test of the Irish race. If it can bear prosperity as it has borne adversity, if it can be as true to freedom in possession as it has been to freedom when denied, a great future unfolds before her. Some one has said that God hammers every nation on the anvil of the fates of which he ever intends to make anything. Ireland has certainly stood her share of the hammering, and let us hope that she will know how to use that instalment of liberty which seems about to be paid to her unconquerable spirit and patient endurance. Let us hope that she will be equal to her opportunities, and that taking up the line of march as a great and free nation, she will in the future as in the past help to continue the unending procession of civic triumphs which have built up that great power "whose morning drumbeat, marching with the sun, and keeping company with the hours, encircles the earth with a continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England."

Meantime we in America have our duties to perform in this emergency. Nothing is more certain than the influence of America in all the great movements of Europe. It is evident, particularly, that the views entertained in the United States in regard to England and Ireland are having great influence upon the course of public affairs in Great Britain. Let us bring that influence to bear upon the English parliament in every proper way. Let us proclaim the sympathy of America with Ireland by all those expressions and agencies of public opinion which, nowadays, far more than cannon and bayonets, determine national policies and measures of legislation. Let us, by such meetings as this, held all over the country, stand by Parnell and Gladstone, and hold up the hands and sustain the hearts of all those who are making this gallant struggle for Irish emancipation. There are more Irishmen today in

the United States than in Ireland and England together. But not Irishmen alone are interested in the issue of this question, but every man who loves political liberty, and desires to see all peoples in the enjoyment of freedom.

I have quoted the beautiful words in which Daniel Webster paid tribute to the glory and majesty of the English dominion. Let me bring these imperfect remarks to a close by repeating his far more weighty and memorable words in commenting on the relation of Russia to Hungary. These words when spoken were heard across the ocean, and I would they might be heard again and heeded by every man in England who dreams of holding Ireland still longer in subjection. Said he, "There is something on earth greater than arbitrary or despotic power. The lightning has its power, and the whirlwind has its power, and the earthquake has its power, but there is something among men more capable of shaking despotic thrones than lightning, whirlwind, or earthquake, and that is the excited and aroused indignation of the whole civilized world."

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